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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1838. NO. 893--VOL. XVII.—NO. 38.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

ON A REVIEW OF MR LOTHROP'S SERMON.

[*Continued.*]

The pretence, to excuse Mr Kneeland, and to show the injustice of the law and the tyranny of the prosecution, is, that he only denied the God of the Universalists! This will not avail. It will not bear examination. It is most evident, from the whole paragraph, that he denied the being of any God—and that he believed in no God other than the *material universe*. I do not believe in a God, which the Universalists do—the idea of a God, apart from nature itself, is a chimera of the imagination. Here is a plain and full denial of the Being of a God—such as all Christians believe and worship—who is spiritual and incorporeal, infinite in wisdom and intelligence, in power, in goodness, and in all moral perfections. And the crime charged was 'blasphemy,' consisting in a denial of the Supreme Being, whom we worship—in highly irreverent and grossly indecent expressions—too gross to be repeated—tending to, and evidently designed to shock the feelings of christians, and to bring scandal and contempt on the christian religion;* which the laws and the CONSTITUTION declare essential to social order, to the welfare of our community. And all this denial, all this gross and irreverent representation, was not *privately* made or expressed; but *published*. And being an outrage on the feelings and faith of the good people of the State, who respect and support the Constitution; a direct imputation of falsehood and injustice, both in the spirit and injunctions of that *sacred* compact, which is obligatory on all, and to be revered and obeyed by all,—the publication of all this is a libel—not on an individual, but on the community—on the people of the whole state. For it was calculated to produce excitement, and to lead to violence. In Roman Catholic countries, it would have led to violence. The crime committed was an aggravated libel; and it was the duty of the Judges and Officers of the law to prosecute for it, or to sustain a prosecution for it, as much and even more than any other libel. The public peace required it. Obedience to law required it—a reverence for the Constitution required it. The support of religion required it—despite the popular cry of intolerance and persecution.

While the laws and the Constitution recognize the truth and importance of the Christian religion, and enjoin the support of institutions for its preservation and maintenance, it is a crime against the State to deny the Being of a God, and the truth of Christianity—especially to *publish* such denial, with an evident design to bring them (if possible) into contempt with the ignorant and irreligious—or with intent to overthrow institutions recognized by the *Constitution* as important, and provided for by it, as essential to social order and the public welfare. And the Constitution having so enjoined, and the laws, under it, so ordained for the public good, and the prevention of evil in the community, the prosecution of the wanton actor and publisher in such case is just,—and the author liable to the penalty of the civil law. It is justly deemed a political offence of peculiar magnitude and aggravation to attempt to destroy the authority and operation of laws duly enacted. If the legislature deem them improper and oppressive they will repeal them. The Judicial Courts can only explain and administer them. And in all civilized States, the government has been considered competent to use means for preventing the publication and circulation of doctrines subversive of the civil order and peace and welfare. It is evidently necessary government should have such power. And yet the unruly, the licentious, the skeptical, will denounce it as bigotry and cruelty.

In the time of the patriarch Job, it was deemed a crime against society to deny the being of God, or to worship the sun and moon; which was tantamount to a denial of Jehovah the true God. 'If I have beheld the sun (with religious reverence) when it shineth, or the moon walking in its brightness; and my mouth hath kissed my hand—a mark of religious homage and worship to those objects—this were an iniquity, a transgression, to be punished by the Judge; for *I should have denied the God who is above*.' Under Moses, a divine lawgiver, the denial of JEHOVAH, or the worship of idols, which implied a denial of him, was a capital offence. And from the first settlement of New England, laws have been enacted and enforced against blasphemy, and all declarations and publications tending to destroy a reverence for the Christian religion, or for rendering it a subject of contempt.

This may be called tyranny, cruelty and bigotry by some. But it is in strict accordance with the spirit and design of our excellent constitution, and of all well regulated civil governments. They have a right to pass laws to *prevent* evil, to prevent what naturally tends to disorder and insubordination, to prevent the *publication* of principles and doctrines calculated to destroy the sanction and force of oaths, and to serve as an excuse for perjury, and the prostration of all religion.†

I have said, that atheistical publications are a *libel*. What is a libel, but the assertion and publication of charges against an individual, highly injurious to his character, interests, and business, and done with the design to injure him, or to destroy his reputation, and bring him into contempt. If I should assert and report, publickly, *viva voce* or in print, that the wife or mother of the critic was a prostitute; and though she might have a good name, and be respected by her neighbors, yet that she was really without virtue,—even suppose it true, if said and published wantonly and with malice, it would be a libel. For it would tend to violence, to a breach of the peace. And if *not true*, and no evidence of being true, except my mere *surmise*, my opinion, (sincere, or not) the law would punish me, and most justly and righteously—and shall a malignant or thoughtless man, speak and write publickly against our holy religion—the religion of the people—the support of private and social virtue, and the preventive of crimes innumerable—shall such an one complain that he is treated cruelly or unjustly? Shall he cast about him and in the society where he lives arrows and fire-brands, and say he is in sport? Then have we no security for peace, order, or virtue in the community. We should disclaim and condemn the exercise of that kind and degree of power which all civil governments have held to, and urged, for self preservation and the maintenance of justice and order.

To deny a theory or doctrine, *in toto*, is quite another thing than explaining it differently from some others. I may construe the Constitution of this State, or of U. States in a sense others do not; this is often the case. Different opinions prevail, as to extent of the powers of the federal and State governments, and as to Executive authority. But all this is consistent with admitting the compact, and our oath to support it. But he who says the Constitution of the State, or of the U. States is false, is a forgery, and was not penned by the Delegates of the people, nor approved by them; and thus aims to destroy fundamentally, its sanction, and its authority, is a bad citizen—And, if active and open in spreading such an opinion, is a more dangerous man, than he who under great temptation, violates a single law.

Whatever may have been the design of the reviewer, the evident tendency of his remarks is to countenance or excuse Mr Kneeland; and to excite popular sympathy in his behalf, as if he were a persecuted and *harmless* man. But it would be no difficult task to engage the feelings of the multitude in favor of the most atrocious culprit; by stating, that he was suddenly tempted, and performed the act without thinking how great was the evil and injury done; or was intoxicated, and did it without malice or ill design. Mr K. knew perfectly well, that he was violating a good and wholesome law of the State, and that his representation when published would shock and outrage the feelings of the community. And, no doubt, either for novelty, to excite wonder and alarm and commotion, or in wanton folly, regardless of the effect, or of the extensive and lasting evil which might arise from his blasphemous publications—he did *deliberately* and *wilfully* publish, to the great danger of the community, and in breach of the peace of the same. And is not this a crime, to be punished by the Judge? Does such an act deserve public sympathy and favor? And do those act wisely who justify, or apologize for or attempt to vindicate him, and to reproach judges and public officers as cruel tyrants, or men of *arbitrary principles*? 'I trow not.'

I was sorry to notice the following sentence, as it is not honorable to a man of candor and liberality of sentiment: and was intended, evidently, to excite a prejudice against Unitarians, as though they also denied the faith of the gospel: 'That Being whom *Christians* profess to consider a part of the *Godhead*.' Plainly,—the Unitarians, who believe that Jesus Christ is not God, but the Son—the messenger and agent of God—are not Christians; because all real christians profess, that Christ is part of the Godhead. Does the critic understand what he means by *Godhead*? It can only mean—as both revelation and reason teach—the Deity, or the Divinity, or the Supreme Being—who is infinite, eternal, spiritual, uncreate and underived. But the Deity, or God is ONE; not only according to Unitarians, but according to the plain and repeated language of the bible—both in the books of the Old Testament and the New. And yet it is the belief of Unitarians, that Jesus the prophet of Nazareth, was divinely inspired and assisted, and was an authorised agent of Jehovah, the *one* true God.

B.

* It has been pretended Mr Kneeland did not know of the printing and publishing the very irreverent and gross matter, which was in his paper. But it was proved, that he knew of it, and saw it before it was published.

†The greatest enemy of the Reviewer, or of any one else, could not indulge a wish more pregnant of evil, than, if he were charged with a crime, that the witnesses against him should be disciples of Mr. *Kneeland*. They would testify as interest or inclination might dictate. Their oath would have no sanction.

[From the Annals of Education.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.

INFUENCE OF A PIOUS MOTHER.

These few remarks must suffice to show that those females, who are destined to take upon themselves the labors and cares of a family, should be brought up in such a way as shall best qualify them for the difficult and important office. And this is the more indispensable with us, because such is the state of our social relations, that each family must perform, without foreign aid, the entire business that belongs to it. Such parents as do not accustom their daughters to the active duties of the domestic circle, and who are not able to give them such dowry as will render them independent, would best consult their happiness and the public good by keeping them single.

But, important as are the arts and habits which go to constitute a good housewife—and when we consider their influence upon the happiness and improvement of our species, they can hardly be estimated too highly—there is another branch of female education which is of still higher importance. I refer to the cultivation of the understanding and the heart. On the first of these I have no time to enlarge. After the useful, let our daughters learn as much of the ornamental as circumstances and capacity will admit. And let them take the solid with the ornamental, that they may become 'as stones polished after the similitude of a palace.'

But let it be ever remembered, that the noblest, the most indispensable of all accomplishments in a woman, especially in a woman who is a mother, is piety, enlightened piety. Whatever else be present, if this be absent from her character, the defect makes it look monstrous and shocking. For the two first years of its life, the infant can hardly be considered as having a personality of its own. It is an appendage, I had almost said a part of the mother. Its little heart lies in close contact with hers, and throbs with its emotions. Her image fills its fancy. She is its model. It is the wax, she the seal.

The alphabet of piety is easier than the alphabet of letters. The one belongs to the language of nature, and has an interpreter in every bosom: the other is conventional and artificial, and a variety of abstractions must be made before it can be understood. The child in the cradle knows the meaning of looks and tones by a kind of intuition which the experience of after life scarcely renders more perfect. And it is by a language of the same kind that the Author of nature speaks to his rational offspring. How important that the Divine voice reach the youthful heart before it becomes hardened and estranged by the vices and cares and pleasures of after life! And how happy would it be for many whose feelings have become alienated from God and religion, by worldly pursuits and a false philosophy, if they could reverse the course of their experience, and become 'as little children' again!

There is, in the character of every *eminently* good man an affectionate sweetness of temper not to be soured by injury, a simplicity which seeks no disguise, a charity which 'thinketh no evil,' and a fearlessness in the discharge of duty. These carry with them the charm of a childlike purity and innocence, and they spring from no other root but piety. Let this then be instilled into the mind before the acetous fermentation takes place among the passions, and it will preserve the soul in its infantine sweetness. But by no instrumentality can this be so well effected as by that of a mother's love. A mother's love, and the spirit of piety! O, they are the sweetest, purest, brightest, mightiest of those messengers which God commissions and sends to accomplish his purposes of mercy here on earth; and if any thing can, surely their united influence must win the wayward soul of man for that happy world whence they descended.

The wretch, who has had their sweet influence, like the breath of Heaven, shed over his childhood, and who has made himself strong enough to overcome it, is a reprobate, abandoned, doomed, accursed. I have never yet seen such a man, and I would hope that no such instance of depravity can be found. On the other hand I may ask, countless of a favorable answer from a thousand grateful tongues, who has not been reclaimed from the verge of guilt, animated in the midst of danger, and supported in the hour of affliction by a mother's counsel, a mother's example, and a mother's prayers; and who, while bending in sad but fond recollection over a mother's tomb, has not sensibly felt the heavenward attraction of a mother's spirit, as his thoughts attempted to trace the path by which it soared away beyond mortal vision when it left the world?

Nor is the influence of sensible and pious women confined to those who are placed by nature under their own particular charge. A deep but unostentatious sense of religion, added to the domestic virtues, imparts to the person and conduct of woman a grace and dignity which surpass all her other charms, and repel not merely from her presence, but from the circle of her influence, whatever is unseemly and improper.

We have, all of us, duties to discharge which respect the future. Our circumstances are rapidly changing. As wealth increases, our dangers as well as our advantages will increase with it. The follies and vices of what is called fashionable life, are migrating along with the tide of wealth and population, from the east towards the west. Should I disguise the fact that in these things the fair sex usually take the lead? Fashion, in some of our eastern cities, has already established her reign of terror, and set up her Juggernaut. She applies instruments of torture to the bodies of her victims, and thus deformed, heart and lungs, and other vital organs literally crushed within them, they are compelled to drag out a miserable existence, devoid of every comfort. Physicians, moralists, philanthropists and divines have remonstrated, and petitioned, and entreated, but in vain. The cruel power is inexorable. Now, I know of no means of preventing her horrible dominion from extending over us, so likely to succeed, as by giving to our young females a pious education. Enlightened piety raises the mind and character of women above the frivolity and inanity, to the prevalence of which fashion, that bloody Moloch to which so many young lives are sacrificed, is indebted for all that influence which support her cruel and remorseless reign. To escape with their rising families from under her dominion was the principal motive which induced some of us to migrate hither. But the attempt to fly was vain. The gilded banner of the fantastic power is borne after us. You may see it unfolded and floating in the breeze. Here we must resist or die. And ladies! in this holy war, you must lead the van.

A devotion to the theatre and the ball room, with the frivolities of dress, and visiting, and gossip, and a thousand other excesses which constitute the life and employment of fashionable people, are on all accounts, to be condemned and deplored, but chiefly on account of their influence on the minds of the young; unsettling their moral principles, rendering them light and vain, devoid of energy, and open to every temptation. And, as the fair sex are the first to suffer the sad effects of fashionable dissipation, so their influence only can prevent it.

Let them, then, despising the life of a butterfly, aspire to what is great and noble and worthy their rational and immortal nature; let them consider their obligations and responsibilities, as beings entrusted by Heaven with an influence to be exerted in forming the character, and consequently deciding the fate of the rising generation; and let them be assured that their own personal happiness and the esteem of those of our sex, whose esteem is worthy their regard, will be secured and augmented in proportion to their fidelity to the high and important trust. Let every mother know that, by teaching her children piety towards God, she lays, in their minds, the surest foundation for another virtue of which she herself is the beloved object—piety to parents: and let every daughter know, that all men, who are not libertine in principle, honor and respect these virtues as the brightest ornaments of the sex. Let these things, I say, be well understood and zealously practised, and the results, as it respects common education, will be glorious and happy: for then, every household through the land will become a school of virtue and a dwelling place of delight.

A PERSIAN OVEN.

On our arrival we were welcomed to the house of Mar Yoosuph and cheered by the warmth of the *tandoor*, and the sight of the smoking bread which the women were baking. These tandoors, or eastern ovens, are so useful in these countries that they merit a particular description. They are made of coarse clay, or aluminous earth, of a cylindrical form, about thirty-six inches in diameter at bottom and twenty at top—three and a half feet deep, and sunk in the earth which forms the floor of the room. They are heated once a day with fifty or a hundred weight of dried manure, and retain heat until the next day. This fuel emits little or no odor in burning, although the want of a chimney renders the smoke uncomfortable to those unaccustomed to it. Sundry pots and kettles are boiled upon the mouth of the oven while it is heating, and when the fuel is burned to a coal it is ready for baking bread. The dough, which is rather soft, and raised with yeast, is first formed into balls, then made very thin by throwing it rapidly from one hand to the other, and finally spread upon a large oblong pan, and with a smart blow transferred to the inner surface of the oven, where it bakes in about three minutes. In the mean time four or five loaves more are attached to other portions of the tandoor, the first giving place to a new one in quick succession until the requisite quantity is finished. A hundred loaves or more may be baked at one heating of the oven—each loaf being about two feet long and one broad, and weighing about ten ounces. The bread made in the bazaars is much larger. When the baking is finished several earthern pots are boiled upon the bottom of the oven; and in the evening the several members of the family collect around the tandoor to keep themselves warm. They either sit with their feet in the tandoor, or under a covered frame placed upon its mouth. This is exceedingly comfortable, as we have often experienced.—*Missionary Herald.*

FEMALE PREACHING.—Dr. Johnson said: 'A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.'

BUNKER HILL RELIC.

The human skull, recently dug up by Mr. M. P. Worthen, between the two battle-hills in this town, has excited considerable interest and much speculation. It is generally believed to be the skull of an American soldier, and that he was killed at about the time of the retreat from Breed's to Bunker's hill, and probably fell near where the bones were dug up. But the hole through the skull is in the forward part of the head, between the ear and left temple, rather above them, and it is difficult to see how he could be shot in that part of the head if on the retreat, unless he was retreating backwards. Some suppose the ball to have entered near the right jaw, (which is not found,) to have shattered it, and one half the ball to have passed through the skull. To confirm this supposition is the appearance of the hole having been broken outwardly. As the hole is nearly an inch in diameter, and the ball, (if it be not the half of one,) a very small one, it is suggested that it may have been bruised upon a stone, and perhaps have entered the head of the soldier while behind some wall. Thus this singular relic, exhibiting at this late day the death-wound of one actually engaged in the earliest battle of the revolution, gives rise to much speculation, while its identity and authentic history must forever remain unknown. It is, nevertheless, together with the bullet, found in it, a relic possessing a peculiar interest. It is without the least reasonable doubt, the skull of some person engaged in the battle of Bunker hill, and the bullet with it, is as certainly the identical piece of lead which killed that person, whether friend or foe, and they are for these reasons worthy of preservation.

It is proper for us to state that this skull was not dug up in consequence of recent operations on the battle ground, but were found in Mr Worthen's yard, corner of Bunker hill and Elm streets, about 1-4 of a mile north of the Monument.—*B. H. Aurora.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE HOME FEELING.

To shed tears at leaving one's home is thought by many a worldly man as well as by many a Christian an unbecoming weakness. Is grief at parting from a long loved home a weakness unworthy of a Christian and a man? I believe it is not, and for several reasons. First, because this grief is a feeling, or a sign of feeling, and we are creatures of thought and feeling. It is feeling, causing association, which hallows all that we hold dear. *Things* in themselves are nothing to us; it is what they suggest which endears them to us. Wood, brick and stone are wood, brick and stone every where, and of the same relative importance, but let some association of feeling become connected with them, and at once they are invested with power over us. It is this which ennobles and endears to us the monuments raised to commemorate events, and what are events to us, except as emblems of thoughts and feelings? One pile of stones is passed by unnoticed and uncared for by every observer, another pile is made sacred by some association, and it no longer is stone; but a living recorder and perpetuator of the noblest emotions. The monument of a friend is in itself but hewn and sculptured stone, but having become suggestive of that friend's life and death, it is a valued memento to us. Thus too any building kindles emotion within us, according as it is associated with holy feelings. An edifice may fill out our idea of the beautiful, and thus gratify us, but how much greater and intenser is our delight, when that edifice is consecrated to the interest of humanity. So, too, as regards our churches, in themselves they are of no more worth than other buildings, but dedicate them to the worship of God, to the enkindling and preserving of religious feelings, and at once we wish to remove every thing profane from them and keep them pure temples. And will any one call the religious emotions of love to God and love to man, weakness, and the expression of them unbecoming a man? Our feelings rule us, they have more power over us than our thoughts even, and are implanted within us by the Creator himself, and who shall say that they belong not to the true man? They do belong to man, and make his happiness or his misery, and are therefore never to be despised. How pure a feeling is that which binds families together, and which hallows for them places called homes. He then who feels painfully his separation from home, from the house consecrated by very many scenes and events, and who manifests his feelings, is not acting unworthily as a Christian or a man.

In the second place, let us remember who they are, who are most attached to home, and we shall not hastily pronounce the home feeling a weakness. The good and pure are they to whom home is but another name for peace and happiness. The passionate, the licentious, the vulgar have no homes; they but use their houses as convenient places for free indulgence of their base passions and desires. Family has but little meaning to them, for it suggests nothing but repining, recrimination and misery. But how different a meaning is conveyed to the pure and good, by the simple word home. Images of quietness, union and love at once arise to their delighted minds. To them home is the earthly paradise, the Eden of this else-desolate world, where ever bloom the flowers of good will and kindness. Neither are the passively good, the quiet, domestic persons as they are called, the only ones to whom home is identical with happiness. The actively-good, those devoted to the welfare of their fellows, love as dearly as the most retiring, the joys of home. When away from it, they are not indeed repining for it, for they are seeking to make homes for others like their own, but it is ever in the prospect, though at times far distant. The exercise of the kindly feelings towards one's own family is the best preparation for extensive benevolence, and none is so well fitted for spreading abroad peace and love, as he who cultivates them around his own fireside. Thus we can account for the self-sacrifice and toils and privations, endured voluntarily by those who have in their own homes great happiness; love to their immediate friends, causes love to all, and they are driven by very happiness to love the scene of it, and to seek it as reflected from others' bliss. They then who feel regret at leaving the home and the house long endeared to them, are not guilty of unmanly weakness, for they but indulge one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and which is strongest in the best of our race.

How great injustice are they doing to themselves, who by the indulgence of their passions are breaking up the peace of the family circle, and how much happiness for themselves and others will they procure, who seek by kindness and patience and forbearance to make harmony at home.

H. H. J.

Mrs. Sigourney thus speaks of the practice of tight lacing:—

'Our sons hold themselves erect without busk or corset, or frame work of whalebone. Why should not our daughters also? Did not God make them equally upright? Yes. But they have 'sought out many new inventions.'

[From the Missionary Herald.]

A WEDDING PARTY AT GAVALAN—CONVERSATION WITH A KOORD.

December 5. 1837. Set out this morning for Gavalan and Salmas, accompanied by Mr Stocking. The snow has been lying several inches thick upon the plain for ten days past, and we found our ride cold and the roads bad for the first twelve or fourteen miles. As we entered the narrow part of the plain, that extends up to Gavalan, we saw shepherds tending their flocks, and farmers ploughing their fields. The roads were dry and smooth, and not a particle of snow was to be seen upon the low lands, though the adjacent mountains were clad in winter apparel. About six miles from Gavalan we passed the wedding party. The bishop who galopped on with us showed a slight wound upon his hand, which he received in encounter this morning. To his credit it was received, as he said, while he was interposing his cane to save the head of one of the ruffians who had made an assault upon them to obtain money.

As we reached the village some time before the bride, we were welcomed with a part of the honors intended for her. Some scores of the villagers and the wedding guests came out to meet us with music and the firing of guns, holding out bowls of wine and crying, 'Welcome, welcome.' Having been ushered into the large guest-chamber, a wholesome repast of bread, butter, milk, and honey, was spread before us. We had little more than refreshed ourselves, when the cry was heard, 'Behold the bride cometh, go ye out to meet her.' The whole village was instantly in motion. We took our station upon the flat roof near the gate, where the bridegroom was standing with his companions, who were known by a tuft of variegated feathers worn in their caps. A bowl of red wine was held before the bridegroom, and as the bride drew near, he was plied with frequent potations; while at each draught the 'friends of the bridegroom' shouted at the top of their voices.

In the mean time the bride approached, riding upon a led horse, amid the din of martial music, the shouts of the multitude, and the roar of musketry. Girls decked in gaudy attire danced before her, and raisins were thrown upon her in great profusion. She approached within ten yards of her intended husband, when he took a couple of apples from a frame that stood near, covered with fruits and trinkets to indicate abundance, and threw them at her head. They passed over and were caught by her attendants. He next threw two boiled eggs in the same manner, and with no better success. The bride who had been all the while concealed under a scarlet silk robe now moved off to one of the neighbors where she was to remain a guest until the consummation of the marriage ceremony.

The wedding party then entered the house, and seated themselves in two rows round the room. A table, or rather a cloth, loaded with food, was spread before them in the eastern style, each one helping himself with his hands to whatever suited him best. The merry bowl was passed rapidly around, and the wine quaffed in no measured quantities. The bishop, foreseeing the scene that would follow, very kindly suggested that we should retire to another room, where we might avoid the noise and confusion of this. But wishing to see the people under all circumstances where we might learn more of their real character and condition, we retained our seats in a retired corner. The food and carpets were ere long removed, and the confusion of voices was drowned by the deafening sound of the clarion and two large drums, which were now introduced as accompaniments of the rude dance which soon commenced. A few of the company jumped about in the middle of the room, without apparent order; while more than thirty danced round in a circle—the man with a grey beard, and the girl of fifteen joining hand in hand.

While this scene was passing, a Koord entered and seated himself by our side. I recognized him as belonging to one of the wandering tribes and immediately entered into conversation. As his remarks may throw some light upon the character and habits of these barbarians, I will relate them in the connection in which they were made. Similar statements have frequently been made by other Koords and confirmed by the Nestorians and Persians.

Myself. Where do you live?

Koord. In black tents. We are Kouchee Koords.

M. What is your occupation?

Bishop. You need not ask him. I will tell you. They are thieves.

M. Is that true, Koord?

K. Yes, it is true. We steal whenever we can.

M. Do you kill people too?

K. When we meet a man that we wish to rob, if we prove the strongest, we kill him. If he proves the strongest, he kills us.

M. But suppose he offers no resistance when you attempt to rob him?

K. If he have much property we would kill him to prevent his making us trouble. If he had not much we would let him go.

B. Yes, after you had whipped him well.

M. Suppose you meet a poor man who had nothing but his clothes, what would you do? Would you molest him?

K. If his clothes were good we would take them and give him poor ones in exchange. If not we would let him pass.

M. But this is a bad business in which you are engaged, of robbing people. Why do you not follow some other occupation?

K. What shall we do? We have no ploughs or fields; and robbing is our trade.

M. The Persians will give you land, if you will cultivate it.

K. We do not know how to work.

M. It is very easy to learn. Will you make the trial?

B. He does not wish to work. He had rather steal.

K. He speaks the truth. It would be very difficult, and take a long time to get what we want by working for it; but by robbing a village we can get a great deal of property in a single night.

M. But you are liable to be killed in these affrays.

K. Suppose we are killed. We must die sometime, and what is the difference of dying now or a few days hence? When we rob a village, we go in large parties upon horses, surprise the villagers when they are asleep, and escape with their property before they are ready to defend themselves. If pursued by an army we strike our tents and flee to our strong holds in the mountains.

M. Why do you not come and rob these villages, as you used to do?

B. They could not live if driven out of Persia. They fear the Persians.

K. We should have no other place to winter our flocks; so we give the Persians some presents and keep at peace with them.

M. I wish to visit your tribe. How would they treat me?

K. Upon my eyes, they would do every thing for you.

M. But you say they are thieves and murderers. Perhaps they would rob and kill me.

K. No; no; they wish to have you come, but you are not willing. We never rob our friends. You come to do good, and no one would hurt you.

M. But many of them do not know me.

K. They have all heard of you, and would treat you with the greatest kindness, if you should visit them.

The best christians are found in the worst times.

God hears the heart without words, but he never hears words without the heart.

[From the Religious Magazine.]

HUMAN SACRIFICES BY THE PAWNEES.

At page 349, of the last number of this work, a statement was made, on the authority of the editor of Long's Expedition, respecting the offering of human victims in sacrifice by that band of the Pawnees, usually denominated Pawnee Loups. It was supposed that so horrid a practice had long since been discontinued. But a letter from a gentleman residing among the Pawnees states that, no longer ago than the last spring, it was repeated by the same band and in nearly the same manner, as stated by the editor of the work just named. The following extract from the letter will show the occasion and objects of the sacrifice, and the manner in which the cruel ceremony was performed.

'The Loups not long after they went out to hunt, had a fight with the Sioux, killed some and took about twenty women and children prisoners. On their return the small pox broke out among the captives, and but three or four of them survived. After the fight they were afraid the Sioux would revenge themselves, and returned immediately to their village, where they lived wretchedly poor during the remainder of the winter and spring. From the plunder and the captives their young children (all above thirteen or fourteen years of age having had it previously) took the fatal disease, and I believe the greater part of them died with it. Thus their victory was very dearly bought. Their condition being so extremely wretched, they imagined they must have recourse to extraordinary means to retrieve their good fortune. Accordingly, last spring, one of their captives fell a victim to their superstition. The custom of offering human sacrifices was formerly practised by this band; but through the intervention of their agent and other white men, none had been offered for some years. The last (before this) was shot from the horse on which she was sitting behind the agent. He had purchased her, and paid the full amount demanded for her in goods; and when proceeding out of the village with her, the medicine men, deeming that if they should let her go, their good fortune would depart with her, since she was devoted, shot her as before mentioned. A part of the village was ready and would have immediately revenged the insult offered to their agent, had he not interposed to prevent bloodshed.

'The Loups are far more superstitious than either of the other bands of the Pawnees. Though they had solemnly engaged that the cruel custom should not be renewed, yet their deep-rooted ferocious superstition has sacrificed another victim. Young females are the objects which this horrid infatuation devotes; and the more beautiful the subject, the stronger the medicine. A man, who thrice witnessed this revolting transaction, gave an account of it as follows. After having performed all the various preliminary rites and ceremonies which their superstition requires, the victim is stripped nearly or quite naked, and one half of her person, from head to foot, is painted red, and the other black; a scaffold is erected; and the feet and hands being extended, the right wrist and ankle are tied to an upright piece of timber, and the left wrist and ankle to another, at a proper distance; and thus the wretched creature is suspended. Various ceremonies, such as smoking the medicine pipe, etc., are performed at different stages of the operation. The young men and boys, each having provided a handful of arrows about a foot long, made of the stems of a species of tall grass that grows on the prairies, now advance and commence shooting these arrows into the breast and other parts of the unfortunate sufferer. This tormenting sport is continued till all their arrows are expended. The arrows enter just enough to adhere, and the breast is literally filled with them; but they do not destroy life. This being done, an old man comes forward and shoots an iron pointed arrow through the vitals, and the ill-fated creature is released from farther suffering. The chest is now cut open and the heart taken out and burned. The smoke that rises from this fire is considered a most potent medicine, and their implements of war, hunting, and agriculture are passed through it to insure success in their use. The flesh is now wantonly slashed off with knives and thrown to be devoured by the dogs, but the skeleton remains suspended till it decays and falls. The above is a mere outline of the barbarous custom. I make no comments. The dark corners of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. The chiefs of the other bands refused to witness the bloody spectacle though specially invited to be present.'

MUSIC.

The people of the Canton de Vaud are said to be very little sensible to music in comparison with those of the German cantons. A few years since, a German professor of music conceived the idea of attempting to introduce a national spirit on this subject, and devoted himself exclusively to the object. He traversed this canton, literally as a *missionary of music*. He assembled the principal people of the villages, persuaded them of the importance of the object, and succeeded in inducing large numbers to acquire some knowledge of the art as an innocent means of social amusement, as well as to improve the church music. He then gave a course of ten lessons in the elements of music, in which he did not pretend to form musicians, either in theory or practice, but merely to enable his pupils to read musical notes, and to commence a course of mutual instruction and practice, and yet so simple as to be comprehended by all. The effect of this plan, and the zeal and perseverance of the teacher were such, that wherever he went, young and old, rich and poor, crowded to his lessons, and a degree of enthusiasm was awakened for music, and especially for national music, which is rarely excited by subjects of so peaceful a nature. As one result of these measures, an obvious improvement took place in the music of the churches. Another, which promises to be of a permanent nature, is a conviction of the importance of thorough instruction in vocal music as a branch of common school education. As another natural result, all who were induced to take interest in this subject were led to relinquish, to a considerable extent, improper amusements, and in some villages, a very great reform was accomplished in the habits of the young men.

The history of vocal music in a village of German Switzerland, will serve as an example of the effect of individual effort in a limited sphere. A new pastor found a divided, unfriendly parish. He heard a peasant girl in his neighborhood singing. He called her to him daily, and taught her songs and hymns of a better character. She asked permission to bring a companion. Others soon petitioned for instruction, and at length, nearly all the youth of the parish united themselves in circles for this purpose. Their interest and their confidence were established in him, and his public ministrations, by this evidence of affection on his part. The young men abandoned their drinking houses and debasing pleasures.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

It is scarcely possible that those who have presented their vote in opposition to the late licence law can have held communion with or heard the earnestly expressed feelings of that class whom most of all it is intended to benefit. They can scarce have conversed with the poor, the tempted, those connected with the degraded sufferers, or listened to their invariable answer to the oft repeated question, as with the eye of intense interest fixed upon ours, they utter the heartfelt wish that such an act may be put into immediate and resolute effect. Talk with the habitual drunkard during some one of those sober and remorseful intervals of which all such have a portion, and he will say, 'remove this temptation from my path, which is too great for me to resist, and I become a good and an affectionate husband; remove from me this heavy curse, and I become a kind father an industrious workman. My Sundays, instead of being spent in drunken noisy revels, staggering through the streets a drivelling idiot, creating disturbance and uproar on that day which the Lord has made holy, will find me regular on its each successive return, accompanied by my family, peaceful and happy, winding our way to the house of God, there to offer our thanksgivings and praise for deliverance from that fell demon who has held us so long in his powerful grasp. This will be the answer of thousands and thousands of our degraded fellow beings: those who have fallen victims to this one vice, but who still have retained an innate consciousness of higher powers and a more elevated nature, of being endowed with capacities which, properly cultivated, would have fitted them for nobler and higher stations, for undertakings in which they could have been associated with the good and the great. Follow one of these to his home, and inquire, of its worse than widowed inmate, and she will confirm the truth of his statement to its utmost extent. I have conversed with such a wife in herself one of the most respectable and well informed of her class, obliged to live in a miserable hovel, surrounded on every side by drunkenness, profligacy and misery, but she, unlike most of her situation has shrunk from following the debasing example of those around; unlike many, with scarce any other resource she has left the cup untasted, passed through the dread contagion of bad example uncontaminated pausing neither on the right hand nor on the left. I have spoken to such an one on the now agitated and all important subject of the new penal enactment—'Blessed will be that month and that day and that hour,' was her impassioned exclamation, 'when such an act shall be put into active and immediate effect.' 'Blest will it be for the rich, blest for the poor; to thousands of families and to numberless individuals will peace be restored; happiness to the wretched and comfort to the miserable; again shall I be blest with a husband and a father will be restored to my children.' Such were the pure and unsophisticated expressions of an overburthened heart; and who can resist its appeal? B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

It is now pretty generally allowed, that the idea of vengeance, the sentiment of anger against the criminal and the desire to make him atone for his past transgression, by the severity of the retribution he receives, ought for ever to be banished both from criminal legislation, and from our feelings with respect to the transgressor; that retributive vengeance is the province of the Almighty; and that man can never arrogate that attribute to himself, without giving a death stroke to many of the best sympathies that adorn his nature, and rendering the annals of punishment a history of useless cruelty and bloodshed. Some writers, indeed, assert vengeance to be on the contrary, the very foundation of all punishment; but, with reference to the present subject, it is of little practical importance which opinion we adopt, provided those who support the latter view take care to remember that, at all events, punishment ought not to be inflicted by a human legislator for the *mere* purpose of retribution, but ought to be adapted also to the accomplishment of some ulterior object; otherwise its only effect would be to superadd another evil, and that unmitigated by any prospect of benefit, to the evil originally produced by the crime, and it would therefore be better for mankind that offences should remain altogether unpunished. Now the grand practical object which a legislator ought to have in view, in constructing his penal code, is the *prevention of crime*, by deterring, through the medium of example, those who may meditate a violation of the law, and by taking away from those who may actually violate it, the power on the one hand, and, by a thorough reform, the desire on the other, of committing future offence—We shall therefore leave vengeance out of the question, and view prevention by means of example, physical restraint, and reformation, as the legitimate end of punishment and as the object to which the legislator's exertions must be steadily and perseveringly directed. But the end will no more sanctify the means in this department of morals than in any other; and whatever may be the importance of this object, it must not be pursued at the hazard of making the evil of the penalty outweigh that of the crime; the degree of pain inflicted must never be greater than what is indispensably necessary for the repression of offences; and the gradations of guilt must never be confounded by an equality in their punishment. These are the conditions under which the great object of prevention is to be pursued; and when these limitations have been forgotten or unknown, vengeance has, in effect, usurped the place of all other motives, and the worst passions of human nature, arraying themselves in the semblance of a stern, but just and unavoidable necessity, have drowned the feeble accents of mercy, and deluded mankind into the toleration and applause of the most barbarous legislative atrocities.—The results of capital punishment in the way of prevention, by example, by restraint and by reformation, should be considered by legislators; endeavoring, on the one hand, to ascertain how far it is *effectual* in repressing crime, and, on the other, where it is effectual, how far it is absolutely *necessary*; for its efficacy will present no valid argument for its continuance, if the same result may be obtained by means of a less severe infliction. There are different species or classes of men, who are instigated to the commission of crime by very different impulses, and are operated upon by very different considerations; and to arrive at any practically useful determination, these distinctions should be kept constantly in view, and care should be taken not to confound the arguments that apply to one class, with those that relate to another. Now a person who is tempted to commit a capital crime, may be either one who has been engaged for some time in violating the law, or one who though not coming under that description, is exposed to the influence of some powerful passion; and in each of these cases the punishment of death has, in general, no intimidating effect at all. The whole theory of prevention, by means of example, rests upon a process of reasoning and calculation, which, it is *assumed*, goes on in the minds of persons about to commit a crime,—that reasoning and that calculation having reference, not to the chances of detection, and the means of eluding it, for these considerations have no connection with the subject of example,—but to the nature of the penalty which will be incurred, and the degree of severity or mildness by which it is characterized. Now, wherever the circumstances render it impossible that such a process of reasoning as this can be taking place, it is evident that there the theory no longer possesses a foundation to support it; and such we believe to be the case in a majority of instances.

With reference then, to the persons who constitute the former of the classes to which we have alluded,—those who have been engaged for some time in violations of the law,—experience seems to prove, too clearly to allow of a doubt, that, on them, the example afforded by the punishment of others, however deserved, however disgraceful, or however severe that punishment may be, has really no beneficial effect whatever, and that other criminals are imprisoned, or are executed before their eyes, without any change, except for the worse, being produced in their conduct, and often, probably, without a solitary desire of amendment, or a single aspiration, however transitory, after a virtuous and honorable state of existence being excited in their breasts. Experience might long ere this, surely, have taught legislators the hopelessness of attempting to operate upon the reason or imagination of men of this description, by the example of the punishment inflicted on others. It is idle to enlarge, as the advocates of capital punishment usually do, upon the horrors of death, and the effect which the anticipation of it is calculated to produce upon every human being whatever be his character. Such observations would be somewhat appropriate were we discussing the influence which the prospect of his approaching fate possesses over the *convicted and sentenced* malefactor, although we find that even these men sometimes display the most disgusting levity, and the most deplorable insensibility to the horrors of their situation. But we have to consider a widely different question; we have to inquire what influence the terrors of a punishment, which an offender confidently trusts he will never undergo, can possibly exert over his mind. If a man about to commit a crime had good reason to believe that he would not remain long undetected, and was not, at the same time, urged on by some of those strong passions which will be alluded to in the other branch of this argument, the case would be different. But the men whose ruling principles we are considering, think that they will not be detected. Their sole calculations relate to the means and the chance of preventing such a termination of their career; and they adopt all the precautions against it which they find within their reach. Nor do they find much difficulty in persuading themselves that their precautions are sufficient. They see that the perpetrator of many a crime frequently remains long undiscovered, and if at length brought to punishment, its often convicted of some of the least flagrant of his offences; they recollect how often they themselves have eluded the pursuit of justice; even when these considerations fail them, they can still indulge in that habit of hoping against hope, to which they are unconquerably addicted; and they thus cherish more and more that extravagant but deeply rooted belief in their powers of concealment and escape which possesses so firm a hold on the minds of habitual offenders.

O. P.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Sir,—I was glad to see that you had given a place to the first article in your last week's paper, taken from the Newcastle (Eng.) Courant. They were indeed 'extraordinary proceedings' which are there narrated, and yet they exhibit the spirit with which Unitarianism is met throughout Great Britain—a spirit of scornful as well as bitter hostility. We have encountered much of the same opposition here, but its force is aggravated there by the influence of an establishment whose claims are felt to be as irksome as its pretensions are extravagant. Every reader must have admired the tone of Mr M'Alister's letter. He has been settled only a few months in Newcastle, as the associate of the venerable Mr. Turner, whose character has been so long regarded with respect and affection by his fellow citizens, that even insane bigotry was afraid to attack him. It thought itself more safe in levelling its bolts at his young colleague; how little they could disturb or harm him, his own communication shows. It may not however be without interest to add, that at a subsequent meeting of the subscribers to the Blind asylum, to whom an appeal was made, the decision of the committee was reversed, and Mr M'Alister was confirmed in his right to a seat at the Board.

Did not party zeal go farther in this instance than ever before? Do you know of any other case in which it was denied than a Unitarian clergyman was a *minister of religion*? It has been affirmed that we are not ministers of the gospel, that we are teachers of a false religion, but the discovery that we had no religion true or false—nothing but 'a system' (a system of what?) was reserved for the penetration of some zealots, in the North of England. Thank Heaven, their judgment is not decisive, and their fury can but recoil upon themselves. G.

Sep. 10.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odors from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.—*Johnson.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1838.

A UNION OF ALL CHRISTIAN SECTS: OBSTACLES: TRUE PRINCIPLE OF EFFECTING.

The New York Observer has made some sensible remarks upon the constitution and character of Human Nature, which were elicited by our brief criticism upon the notice taken of Mr Gannett's first sermon, by the author of 'A trip to Boston.' Of these remarks we may take particular notice at another time. We allude to them here, merely for the purpose of saying that we were particularly struck with an expression of opinion on the part of the Observer, which is highly liberal and just; and which, if generally entertained amongst Christians, would save themselves from many bitter feelings and unprofitable disputes, and the Church from much reproach. '*It sometimes seems to us*'—this is its language—'*that a little analysis and explanation on those points would enable the parties to understand each other, if not to think alike.*'

We most heartily assent to the truth and force of the suggestion. And we believe further, that all the differences of opinion amongst those who sincerely receive the Scriptures as the rule of their faith, arise from these two conditions of the parties, first, that they do not understand each other, and second, that neither fully comprehends the truth itself.

All sects of Christians, doubtless possess and build upon a certain portion, or a certain view of the truth—that which is the most prominent and important in their esteem. This particular is mixed up, of course, with many errors and imperfections, and is carried out in their system to an extreme and disproportionate extent. To exalt this favorite doctrine, the theories and opinions of others are undervalued, and, unintentionally, perhaps, treated with injustice and uncharitableness. Then it follows, of course, that other sects set about defending their abused systems. By and by, (as the beginning of contention is as when one setteth water on the run) the controversy becomes violent and personal. Till at length a complete non-intercourse is established, and the parties are to each other as were the Jews and Samaritans of old. Thenceforth, adieu, to justice and charity—farewell to sympathy and candor and fair investigation, and liberal and honest construction and inquiry. There is a great gulf fixed between the sects, while each esteems that its own adherents are on the side with Father Abraham; and the deluded remainder of mankind—to say the least, *a great way off.*

Precisely in this predicament—according to our notion—Christendom now stands. And so it must stand, and the advance of the empire of Truth and Universal Love and Brotherhood amongst men be retarded, until enlightened Christians are everywhere willing and bold to break from the narrow enclosures of party, to surmount petty prejudices, and take the broad and lofty ground of seekers after all truth, candid compaiers of opinions, provers of all systems, lovers of all mankind. But alas! how far off are we all from this noble spirit! How suspicious of human nature! How faithless and timid in behalf of the truth! How wedded to the tenets of this or that man! How is the soul, with all its most generous and far reaching affections and capacities cramped and blighted by creeds—creeds—the marks of the reach and progress of worthy minds in former days, but no limits for the minds of future time—the boundaries of the Fathers' horizon, which may be but a prison wall to their posterity—the fruits and crowns of thought, wisdom and progress to themselves—but servile yokes too often, and marks of disgrace and ignorance and pussilanimity, if adopted unchanged and at second hand by their descendants.—It needs almost, a repetition of Peter's vision to persuade the disciple in the 19th century to step out of the pale of his own church and expect to find any thing good and acceptable to God; to make him feel that he is blind and wicked if he dare to '*call any* MAN *common or* UNCLEAN (aye! vulgar or unclean—Will not the preachers of *total depravity* hear?)

But, to bring these desultory thoughts to a point—we most earnestly feel, as we were saying, that one of the chief things that are necessary to make honest men of different theological opinions understand each other and think alike, is that they should come together and confer without suspicion, and compare their opinions and examine into the history and grounds of them. This is rarely done by two persons of good temper, without each esteeming the other better after than before, and both getting an increase of light and of love.

But this can never be generally done so long as there exists that spirit of bigotry and exclusiveness, whose first and fundamental doctrine is that the right and the truth are all on one side, and that on the opposite are both error of doctrine and obliquity of heart. The essential prerequisite, is that Christians should stand with each other on the broad and open ground of their common humanity, as under the eye of a God who is both a Father and a Judge, and who withholdeth light from none. That they should acknowledge that a rational and religious nature is the highest joy and glory and common birthright of each; that their *profession* of a desire to know and do as the Scriptures teach is mutually sincere; that both are imperfect and fallible, and in the view of God not worthy to judge any other, and have yet to learn infinitely more than they know; that the whole Truth of God, whose shadow is Revelation and fills the scriptures, is so vast, and of so many angles, that all the eyes of all finite beings looking after it at the same moment, each from his own point of vision, are not surveying it all. And, finally, that they should adopt the generous principle of their master (which indeed, is as prudent and expedient, as it is just and charitable) that all who are not declaredly *against* Christ are virtually on his part—that all who profess to honor him and love him; to adopt his precepts as the rule of their life; to believe him as the true and predicted Messiah from Heaven; and to trust him as the all sufficient Savior of the soul and Redeemer of mankind, are virtually Christians, to be allowed as such and to be treated as such. (Indeed, what saith the Scripture to this very point? 'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is *the Christ* is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him.') If they are not so allowed and treated, then in reality there is discord and division in the camp of the same Leader, whose cause is thereby weakened, while the enemy without wax bold and are recruited. If they are not so treated, then there is presented to the sceptic the strange phenomenon of one Christian throwing stones at another, thrusting him away, not because he reviles his Master, but even while he stoutly affirms '*I love him; I honor him; he is my soul's life,*' *he is to me the manifestation and express image of the perfect God; I can conceive of no more lovely, no more perfect moral being*—because he cannot see clear to say, '*He is very God; he is the second person in the Trinity*'—and the sceptic, who is not, of course, very nice in making theological distinctions, but who is over shrewd in detecting and exposing actual moral blemishes, instantly declares that there must be something strangely bellicose in the Christian system; or else its followers would be content and pleased to hear each other avow love for Jesus, and hold up his perfections to the admiration and imitation of mankind and give him a place with God himself in their heart of hearts; and not be everlastingly quarrelling about names and distinctions, which, after all are but secondary things. And once more, if they are not so treated, then Christ himself is in a certain sense denied, and disowned, and shorn of a portion of the glory and love that he actually possesses amongst mankind.

Much has been said lately about *Christian Union.* One man proposes one scheme, and another another for its promotion. We have seen several plans stated quite precisely and at length, in different religious periodicals. But they are all exclusive, uncharitable, and unworthy of the enlarged and generous spirit of the Christian system, and destined to be futile as they are narrow. They are based on prejudice, they are sectarian, they are but projects to construct a gate to the Kingdom of Heaven, of dimensions just ample enough to admit souls of a particular size and a particular shape, and no other, and to bring all the vast family of God to his presence through that single avenue, while their makers will hold no fellowship with any who are unable or unwilling to conform their minds to that arbitrary measure.

The true principle of Christian Union must be large, kind, just. It must encourage inquiry and not check it. It must reverence the soul's individual rights and not restrict them. It must foster the mind's freedom and not enchain it. It must be as comprehensive as may be—and not as exclusive. It must be like the true yoke of Christ easy and light; and like the reach of his love, yearning to encircle the world and not willing that any should be lost.

He that is not against us, is for us. Him that is weak in the faith receive, but not to doubtful disputations. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant—to his own Master he standeth or falleth. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ye unto them likewise.

From such texts of Scripture as these, and from the spirit of our Savior's example, interpreted and consented to by the dictates of a liberal reason and the promptings of a generous heart, the true principle of Christian Union must be drawn out. May God hasten the day when all Christians shall be one in heart and one in life; though in vision they can never be one, till, having ascended from their narrow earthly tabernacles, they enter within the veil of the great temple of Truth, to see as they are seen, and know as they are known.

The following is from the Maine Wesleyan Journal. It shows the strictness of the Rules to which some of our fellow Christians promise to conform. It may contain information not generally known by our Readers.

WHAT MAY A METHODIST READ?

The Rule of our church to which the following communication refers, and one which every member and minister has promised very solemnly to keep, is among those general rules which no single body of our judicatories can change. The rule forbids 'the reading those books and singing those songs which do not tend to the knowledge of God.'

It is a rule of great importance, as we judge, to personal piety; and we hope the questions of our correspondent will be seriously and prayerfully considered. The very fact that the rule may be violated in secret, when no eye but that of God is upon us, renders the obligation to keep it the more binding as the church cannot always see that it is enforced. May not some Christian here find in the transgression of this rule the cause of darkness, doubt, and spiritual death? God will allow no vow to be broken with impunity; and he who does it, will soon find himself, like Sampson, 'shorn of his strength.' Ed.

Mr Editor—Are not the members of the Methodist church in particular danger, at this time especially, of violating that rule of our discipline, which relates to reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge and love of God? I suppose none will contend that the application of this rule should be restricted to reading books, merely; it was doubtless designed to guard our reading generally, whether of books or anything else. Many papers of very imposing, and often inviting titles, are issued weekly, and circulated through the land, while the 'poison of asps' is within their folds; and even some calling themselves religious papers contains much that is opposed to every principle of the Gospel.

Now I wish to submit the question to the members of the church, whether we are not bound most solemnly by the above rule, and by the principles of our holy religion, also, to give countenance and support, in no way, to any paper of the above character, let it be called by what name it may?

'Many spirits have gone out into the world.' 'Try the spirits, whether they be of God.'

Incog.

MR KNEELAND.

A Subscriber, who is a man of experience, and esteemed as learned both in the law and the Gospel, has sent us, now two communications containing his opinions and feelings in relation to the trial and conviction of the individual whose name is at the head of this paragraph.

We have hitherto, purposely, abstained from introducing this subject to our Readers, for several strong reasons. The public mind has been in a ferment in regard to it—the wisest and best men disagreeing—and we did not feel as if we had anything to say that could either give light or make peace. It was a disagreeable, difficult and exciting subject; one, in the treatment of which, the most careful and nice discriminations and definitions were continually necessary; and one, moreover, which we were convinced it was much better to let entirely alone, than not to deal with fairly and thoroughly.

Now, however, that the case is laid before our readers by one whom we had neither the right nor the disposition to refuse the use of our pages, (complying as he has done with all the conditions requisite to secure admission) we would embrace the occasion, to say a single word in relation to it.

In common with many others, we were from the first, strenuously opposed to the prosecution of Mr Kneeland. We even felt it to be a duty, at the time, to declare from the Pulpit our opposition to such a measure, both on the ground of expediency and of Christian duty. We think it was a well meant mistake to take such a step—that the peace of the Commonwealth and of the Church was hindered rather than promoted by it—that a decaying vine was thereby invigorated, and a falling house propped up for a season.

And in regard to the *trial* too, in common with many, we were never entirely satisfied—because (it may perhaps be unavoidable in protracted law suits) the case became so mystified; the charges were sometimes apparently so mixed up together and anon separated, that the public were left in a state of misunderstanding as to the real point or points on which the case finally turned—some, who ought to have known, affirming that the accused was sentenced solely for the crime of Blasphemy, and others, who ought to have known, asserting that judgment was had against him not on the charge of Blasphemy only, but for this crime jointly with several others. At least, there was always something very singular to us in the fact that Dr Channing and the many other sensible men who signed the Memorial in behalf of Freedom as involved in the case of Abner Kneeland, should have felt clearly convinced in their own minds that the accused was convicted on the single charge of *Blasphemy*, if, at the same time, it was a well known fact that he was convicted also on the ground of *obscenity*, &c. (For, that this was the understanding of those who signed the Memorial, there can certainly be no doubt.)

And further, we never have clearly understood how it happened, that a man convicted of Blasphemy—that great crime, as it is called, tending to the subversion of the state,—and, in connexion, of other acts deserving punishment, should have been allowed to get off with so trivial a penalty. He must have been in the eye of the law—clearly guilty of all that he was sentenced for, or not guilty of anything. The case must have been clear against him, or he ought to have been set at liberty. Now, if he were really guilty of these great and sore offences—why not punish him accordingly? Why not let his doom by its severity, mark to the people the enormity of his offence? Was it worth while to have made all that stir and commotion in our community, (for four or five years keeping Abner Kneeland full in the public gaze; making him famous; drumming up all the scattered infidels far and near, exciting their sympathies and consolidating their forces; causing to be brought into our courts an accumulation of evidences on the one part, to prove what almost every sensible man believes to be true, and of trashy and often indecent arguments on the other part to disprove the same) about a crime, or crimes, of which, when at length the criminal was fairly adjudged guilty, the punishment was comparatively nothing—just sufficient to add fuel to the sympathy of his partizans, and to leave the multitude disatisfied and in a maze? And what has been done, after all, of benefit to the cause of virtue or for the safety of our social fabric by the prosecution—even when it has been fairly sustained and the law had the victim fairly in its grasp? Has his tongue been

silenced for a single day? Has his pen been stayed? Has his influence been diminished, or turned into a holier channel? Has so much as one follower been converted from his ranks? Does Truth stand one jot the firmer? Does Justice erect her head one cubit higher? Does Freedom extend her arms wider? Or does our most holy Religion sit more venerable and serene upon her consecrated altars? Henceforth, will Abner Kneeland cease to blaspheme, and to mislead, for all that he fears from the Law? The '*Slumbering Lion*'—as we have heard the Statute called that was used to catch this man—has had the prey in his clutches, and what has it done? Just shaken him so that he has laughed, and held him up for the crowd to pity, and then let him loose to work his pleasure without fear, and with tenfold zeal.

Would to Heaven that we could believe that great injury has not been done to all the sacred principles that we hold dear, by the prosecution, the trial and the punishment of this man.

We hope that the above remarks will not be construed as conveying any censure against the gentlemen who were concerned in the prosecution or the trial. We do not doubt that, they all did what they believed to be their duty. And we most heartily pray that they may never become involved with such an intricate and disagreeable case a second time.

But the affair is now over. Whatever its effects may be, they are inevitable. Mr Kneeland has been tried, convicted, punished, and is free again. That he will still teach his opinions so long as he entertains them, and manage to elude the law, and deride violent measures, is certain. Let not, then, those who are opposed to him quarrel with each other, or revive vain disputes about the past; but, rather, turn their united attention and force, for the present and the future, against the influences of his sentiments and his practice, in the only way that Freedom sanctions, and Truth demands, in the way of deep thought, sound speech and a holy life. He may have come out from the hands of the Law, the stronger and the more largely supported—but what then? He numbers at best, but a sorry handful of adherents, against whom, doubtless, all the hosts of the God of Israel are arrayed, and the Omnipotence of the Universe is bearing down.

ARE UNITARIANS ANTI-CHRISTIANS?

'*Sympathy not always Fellowship.*'

The New York Evangelist has an article under the above caption, whose object is to make a distinction, by which the feelings and motives of the party which the Evangelist represents, towards Unitarians, may be explained, and the position which that paper takes in relation to our denomination, be exhibited.

The following paragraphs embody the sense of the whole article.

We say, distinctly, that we neither wish to exclude Unitarians from Christian sympathy, nor call down fire upon their heads. Far as the east is from the west, are all such purposes from us. On the other hand we desire to excite more strongly than ever the Christian sympathy of the evangelical church in their behalf, and the only fire which we wish to behold descending upon them, is that of the purifying Spirit. As men, we respect their common nature; as Americans, possessing many noble patriotic virtues, we give them a cordial greeting; as fellow-citizens, we would defend their civil and religious liberty, as we would our own; as a community involving much learinng and talent, we cherish towards them sentiments of high regard; as the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, occupying the soil where they prayed and the altars where they communed, we feel that a peculiar religious obligation rests upon us, to seek their spiritual welfare.

We make a distinction, then, between Christian SYMPATHY and Christian FELLOWSHIP. We cherish the first towards our fellow-men of all nations and creeds, as men exposed, immortal, and needing redemption. We cherish the second towards those whom we regard as advocates of *the truth as it is in Jesus*. In the one case, we mingle our feelings with them in all the great wants of our physical, intellectual and moral nature; in the other, we refuse to recognize in the fellowship of Christians the advocates of a system *at war with all the distinctive features of Christianity*. The sympathy of Christians for their fellow-men is founded upon their regards for human happiness; the fellowship of Christians is founded on their regard *for the interests of fundamental and saving truth*. In the case of Unitarianism, therefore, we protest against being considered destitute of sympathy and kindness towards them *as men*, because our unchanging regard to eternal principle forbids us to *fellowship their system as the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ*. If they will convince us that they have embraced the true gospel, or that their system comprises the essential truths of Christianity, we will then add to our *sympathy* the glow of a *joyous Christian fellowship*. If they will prove that the points of their difference from us are not absolutely fundamental, then will we hold them in the same fellowship which we now exercise towards the Episcopalian, the Methodist or the Baptist

We are aware that the term sympathy is used in a sense implying more of a mutual regard for a mutual object—more of fellowship than we here use it to express. But we think that our present use of it will at least be understood. We are aware, also, that it is a difficult matter for those who are thus conscientiously excluded from any treatment which shall recognize them AS PROFESSORS OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS, to realize that they are not also personally excluded from kindly sympathies. It requires a high degree of mental cultivation to appreciate, in such circumstances, the distinction here presented.

If, however, the Unitarian will consider that he professes to treat the Atheist, if not the Deist, in the same manner, sympathizing with him as a man subject to great and solemn evils, while he rejects all recognition of him as a Christian, he will then perceive how he should interpret our views and feelings, founded upon the same manifestly sober principle.

In conclusion, we would remind the Register that it is a serious thing for a denomination to stand, as does that of which it is the organ, excluded from the great body of the evangelical church. It is even the more serious, because that exclusion does not arise from ignorance, from ill-will, or passion, or malignity, but in connection with deeply benevolent concern,—often with high personal respect,—solely from a supreme regard to the claims of necessary truth, of the true and saving gospel.

The benevolent regard of the Editor of the Evangelist we think we appreciate; and his '*distinction*' we believe we can comprehend, even without laying claim to '*a high degree of mental cultivation*.' We would also profess to entertain none other than very kind and charitable sentiments towards the denomination of Christians to which he belongs; and towards every other into which Christendom is divided.

And now, we request the Evangelist candidly to consider a *distinction* which *we* wish to make, and which we lament that he and other good and wise men do not, as we think, sufficiently keep in view.

He denies to Unitarians the name of Christians; and asserts that we advocate a system '*at war with all the distinctive features of Christianity.*' He classes us, as far as Christianity is concerned, with the Atheist and the Deist. He declares, as we lately quoted his remarks, that we are followers of '*a strange God.*' Now, this regard of Unitarians, we affirm to be unjust, uncharitable and false. It may well excite our honest indignation. It may well demand on our part a decided and strong expression of censure and opposition—for the truth's sake, for Christ's sake, and for the honor of God, as well as for the sake of ourselves and our Brethren in the flesh and in the faith.

We profess to be Christians. We honor Christianity; we love its Founder; we acknowledge him to be the true Messiah; we respect all its Ordinances; we support its institutions; we earnestly contend against its enemies; we set forth the Gospel as the world's great and only hope. The God we worship is the Supreme and Perfect, the ever-living, the spiritual Father. The very creed, called the Apostles', and reverenced by other sects, is the Unitarian's creed.

Now, granted that we interpret the Scriptures in some particulars differently from other sects—granted that we do not teach all that may be set forward in the Creeds and Articles of Faith, of human construction, that some other Christians hold sacred—granted that our churches may be more independent in their government and liberal in their discipline—has any man a right, for these reasons, to deny us the Christian name; to denounce us as being at war with the Gospel, and as followers of a *strange God?* We build our system of faith upon the Scriptures, as much as does any sect in Christendom. We base our doctrines upon *the Foundation* that God has laid, and upon no other. We publish our *reasons* for the Faith that is in us. If they are unsound, let them be proved so, for we acknowledge the authority of the *Standard* by which all religious opinions are to be tried. If we do not go far enough, still let us have credit for the length that we do go; and then, perhaps, we may be carried on towards a full acknowledgement of the Truth.

But not to multiply words—we insist upon *this* 'distinction.'

Unitarians are not, according to the Scriptural definition, *Anti-Christs*. They are according to every rational interpretation of the word, *Christians*—followers of Christ, the Messiah. They profess to be believers in his revelation, and to love and hope for his appearing; and devoutly acknowledge that God will judge them not only for their conduct but for their Creed. Under such circumstances, we solemnly and earnestly protest against the right of any body of sectarians to deny us the Christian name. We deliberately and before God declare that it is unjust and criminal to class us with the enemies of Christ; and we most solemnly warn the Editor of the Evangelist against a second time calling the Holy Spirit, the Living God, the Almighty Creator, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Omnipresent Witness and Judge of the Universe, whom we reverence and love, a STRANGE GOD.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

We have just received a letter from a friend and brother in the ministry, enclosing twenty dollars from Mr John Potter, a Revolutionary pensioner, residing in Fitzwilliam, N. H. to constitute him a Life member of the Mass. Missionary Society. This sum is a part of the pension to which he is entitled for services rendered to our country in his youthful days. He sends it with it his best wishe sand prayers for the success of the Institution. The money was bravely earned and is laudably devoted. We receive it as a precious gift, and hail it as a happy omen. They, amongst whom the donor is numbered, were indeed a noble progeny, and their services and their memory will be cherished forever, not less by the Christian than the Freeman.

Several Books have been on our Table for two or three weeks, notices of which we are obliged again to defer.

We regret that the interesting notice of the Sunday School Celebration at Taunton, did not reach us in season for this paper. It shall have space in the next.

THE ALE-HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

We thank a good friend for his spirited lines on the last page. They are admirably adapted to Old England, we hope they are very much less so to New.

THE FARM SCHOOL.

We are obliged to postpone a paragraph, intended for this week, descriptive of a delightful visit to the Farm School, which we enjoyed with a large and pleasant party, on Wednesday last.

OBITUARY.

[The following beatiful memorial of one who was rich in feminine graces and virtues, is from the hand of a valued friend having rare skill in the use of the pen. The sad pleasure derived from the elegance of the delineation of character, is enhanced by confidence in its fidelity.]—*N. Ægis.*

Died at Springfield, on the 1st instant, Miss Caroline Bartlett, daughter of Thomas Bartlett, Esq. of Boston.

There could scarcely be a more fitting time than the present, to speak of one whose excellencies were so truly and beautifully feminine in their characteristics, as those of the late Miss Bartlett, of Boston. We first knew her, when, placing her foot on the threshold of life, she seemed a creature almost too delicate and timid for its active duties and stern trials. We have lived to see her fulfilling those duties faithfully, and bearing those trials well; but the delicacy and timidity of early girlhood never forsook her, amidst the dignity of mature years. She wandered not from her sphere in seeking to do good. She had the good sense to believe, that God has distinctly marked out the respective provinces of man and woman: and that the proper tasks of a Christian female, are neither few nor light, though unostentatious. To these she devoted herself with a lovely simplicity and earnestness that won all hearts, and have left all eyes, that ever dwelt upon her, swimming in tears. Filial tenderness—indefatigable friendship, unchanging through sunshine and storm—discretion, which guided her motherless youth so wisely, that no tongue breathed censure upon it—charity which giveth alms, and charity which thinketh no ill—and those many nameless, every day virtues, whose exercise manifests a well balanced character—all were her's. We may speak unthinkingly of her 'untimely' fate; but *her time* had come, for she had done her work in shorter space than most of us. Careful cultivation had ripened her virtues into full bloom, and it was time she should be spared further watchings. It was time that her sudden and apparently mysterious removal, should rouse us to contemplate her character with feelings more serious than those of admiration—to remember she was given, not only to bless while on earth, but to be imitated. Are we not apt to bask idly in the sunshine of a friend's virtues—forgetting that that which makes us so happy, is to be copied?

The qualities which peculiarly distinguished this lady, were susceptible of imitation; it is therefore that we speak freely of her, when departed, whom none would have dared to flatter while she walked in her modesty among us. Her good sense, indeed, and her gentle temperament, were, perhaps, the gift of Heaven, like the graces of her person. But conscientiousness, active benevolence, piety—these are things of attainment—the fruits of self-discipline. Thank God! of the virtues of the Christian character, no one can say, 'they were not given me and I cannot attain them!'

We would particularly mention her as an example to those of her own sex, who are placed on 'the brink of a vortex,' as it is often called—the vortex of fashionable life. There she moved, because *there* seemed to be her allotted sphere; never was she drawn *beyond* the brink. She neither yielded to temptation, nor fled from it: she gave not her time and affections to dress and idle dissipation, nor did she retreat from a moderate participation in social pleasures. The same innocent and cheerful smile, charmed in the lighted drawing room, still oftener brightened by the domestic hearth and carried a beam into the chamber of sickness or sorrow. It is a difficult, a rare course for the young and fair—but she proved that it may be observed by those whose minds are well trained, hearts pure, and purposes holy. We have seen the meekness with which she received all approbation worth having; we have seen her turn with gentle dignity from homage she justly despised—rebuking vice silently, but keenly—setting a just value on her own influence in society; not over-rating it, not abusing it to purposes of vanity: not mistaking its modes of exercise; not seeking to extend it in the love of notoriety.

We have seen her in the house of God, not only when thronged, as it usually is in New England, but when the storm beat against the old Chapel walls, or the summer after-noon's sun poured down fervidly on the dusty streets, and the worshippers who came forth were few. *She* was in her accustomed place, her eyes fixed devoutly on her prayer book, or attentively on her pastor, with a teachable humility, worthy of New England's earlier days. She, too, was in the Sunday School, that fitting channel for the zeal of her who would do good beyond the domestic circle. Going to the house of God, not to perform a cold, customary duty, but to *learn* her duties, she left it only to practice them. Shall our tearful eyes often behold so true a woman, so lovely alike in the eyes of her fellow-creatures and her Maker? 'All angel now, ye little less before!' Daughters of fashion! her sainted spirit bids you forget the former loveliness and seek only the latter:—so shall she neither have lived nor died in vain.

L. J. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ON THE DEATH, BY DROWNING, OF HENRY .....

A noble boy, mid clustering hopes,
Basked in the parents' eye,
And filled their hearts with visions bright—
But ah! how soon to fly.

From scorching rays of summer sun,
He sought the cooling wave;
But found the treacherous crest a shroud—
He sank and none could save.

Ah, who can tell the mother's pang,
As oft she paced the hall,
And often paused in agony,
His much-loved name to call.

'Henry, dear Henry,' still she cried—
No answer meets her ears.
Again, again the echo rang,
Till grief dissolved in tears.

For death had set his fatal seal
On that young, lovely brow,
And 'neath a marble lid concealed
That bright eye—soulless now.

No more again his sunny smile
Will light his father's hall,
No more again, his merry voice
Will be the joy of all.

Fond parents, turn your weeping eyes
From earth's dissolving charms,
And seek the lost 'mid heavenly bowers,
Safe in his Father's arms.

God's purposes are wise and good,
Though mortals cannot see,
He called the youthful spirit home,
'*The why*' 's not known to thee.

W. I. B.

INTELLIGENCE.

Music in the Schools.—We rejoice to learn that the School committee in this city have decided to introduce instruction in vocal music into all the Grammar and Writing Schools, as a part of the regular instruction.

We learn that the Rev. William Allen, D. D. President of Bowdoin College, has at length consented to resign his office, on condition that the Board of Trustees and Overseers agree to pay him one year's salary from the present time, and in addition the sum of $800. The resignation is to take effect on the first of May next.

President Allen has always been exceedingly unpopular with the students—and his continuance in office has been a great bar to the prosperity of that excellent institution.—*Mer. Jour.*

At the annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, held lately at Lowell, a resolution was passed expressive of the opinion of the Institute, that vocal music ought to be taught in the public schools throughout the country.

Death of Governor Clark.—We learn from the St. Louis (Mo.) Republican, that Governor Wm. Clark, the companion of Meriwether Lewis, in the celebrated pioneer journey across the Rocky Mountains, died on the morning of the 1st inst. at the residence of his son in that city. Gov. Clark was in the 69th year of his age, and at the time of his death, is supposed to have been the oldest American settler residing in St. Louis. It is a high eulogium upon the honored dead which is pronounced by the Missouri Republican:—'Gov. Clark well understood the Indian character, and his whole intercourse with them was such as won their highest esteem and their most unbounded confidence. His name is known by the most remote tribes, and his word was reverenced by them every where.—They regarded him as a father, and his signature—which is known by every Indian, even in the most distant wilds of the *far west*—wherever shown, was respected.'—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Crops.—A subscriber from Lewis county, who called yesterday, says that around him the crops were never so good. Potatoes especially are very abundant, and worth about 15 cents per bushel. He says they can be barrelled and brought to this market for about 20 cents charges, making 35 cents in all. Another gentleman from Tompkins county, between Seneca and Cayuga lakes, says that in all the region around him, the crops are indifferent; that the wheat in thrashing, yields but about two thirds of what had been expected from the appearance of the straw. Wheat he says must be very dear.—*N. York Jour. of Com.*

THE MORMONS.

From the Missouri papers it appears that the disgraceful and disorderly scenes exhibited in that State some eight years ago, are about to be renewed. The Mormons during their residence in that 'land of promise,' have imbibed equally with their enemies, the spirit of vengeance and blood, and have learned to rely quite as much upon the sword of the flesh as upon the sword of the spirit.

It appears from the proceedings of a public meeting of the citizens of Jackson county, that about eight years since, the Mormons were driven from that county as it is alleged, 'for improper conduct,' and that they took refuge in Clay county, the good people of which looked upon them as the victims of religious persecution, and extended to them hospitality and protection. A quarrel, however, presently arose, and they were expelled from Clay county also. A compact was then entered into between the Mormons and the citizens of the upper part of the State, in which it was stipulated that the former should select and settle peaceably upon some tract of uninhabited country, and abstain from any further intrusion into the adjoining counties. They did so, and located themselves in what is now known as Caldwell county. It appears, however that they have recently violated the treaty, by buying lands and making actual settlements in the eastern part of Carroll. Upon this a meeting was held, and a committee deputed to request them to leave the county. —The Mormons took this in high dudgeon, and returned for an answer language of the most insulting character; whereupon the meeting was again convened, and five persons appointed a *Committee of Safety* vested with extraordinary powers.—The persons are authorized to 'adopt such measures as to them shall seem most expedient for the safety of the citizens of Carroll,' and to 'raise, by subscription or otherwise, a sufficient sum of money to defray any expense that may accrue' in carrying out the object of the meeting—which is stated to be the expulsion of 'Mormons, Abolitionists, and other disorderly persons.' By one of the resolutions adopted, the citizens of the adjoining counties are requested to form corresponding committees, 'and hold themselves in readiness to give assistance, if the same should be required.'

Later information, contained in a letter from Livingston county, (Mo.) says, in substance, that some cutting and stabbing were perpetrated by the Mormons of Davies county, on the day of the election, and that some companies have been raised in Livingston with the view of going over and assisting in drubbing the Mormons; but that, before they got quite ready to march, they learned the strength of the Mormons, which suggested to their prudence the propriety of remaining at home till they could be assured that reinforcements would join them from other counties, sufficiently great to cope with the combined force of the Mormons.

The St. Louis Gazette of the 30th ult says:—

'The steamboat Astoria, from Rialto, (Platte county,) brings word that Joe Smith (Mormon) had *surrendered* himself to the civil authorities. This implies some further movements against the Mormons, of which we are not yet advised.

Mexico.—We have received the Pensacola Gazette of the 1st inst. containing intelligence relative to the blockade of the ports of Mexico. A French brig of war which arrived off Vera Cruz, direct from France, after a trip of forty-two days, informed the commandant Bazoche, that an additional force of fifteen vessels and 10,000 men would be sent by the French government to aid in the contemplated attack on Vera Cruz. The brig of war Laperouse still blockaded the port of Tampico.

The sloop of war Nimrod had sailed from Tampico, for Havana and Jamaica, with about $1,000,000 in specie and a large quantity of cochineal and vanilla for the former port. The packet brig Linnet has also left Tampico with about $1,000,000, destined for England.—*New Orleans Bee.*

[From the Baltimore American.]

Silk Importations into the United States.—The official returns to the Treasury Department show that in the year 1821, the value of Silks imported into this country was $4,486,000. In the three successive years there was a steady and progressive increase in the amount of importations, and in 1825 they rose to the value of $10,299,000. From 1826 to 1830 there was a gradual falling off, the value of importations in the last year named being $5,930,000. In 1831 there was a sudden increase, the importations of the year rising to $11,117,000. In 1832, '33 and '34, they averaged about $10,00,000. In 1835 they rose to $16,777,000, and in 1836 they reached the large amount of $22,980,000. During the last year, 1837, the importations fell to $14,352,000, in consequence of the commercial difficulties of the country, and although the latter amount is small when compared with the value of importations of 1836, it is nevertheless a large item of national expenditure for the article in question. The official statements of exports of Silk goods from this country during the same series of years show that the annual average shipped to other countries is only about $1,000,000 in value, and consequently that very nearly the whole amount imported is consumed by the people of the United States. It is a singular spectacle to behold a country which is so admirably adapted in all respects to the culture of Silk as is our own, tributary, to the amount of so many millions annually, to the industry of France.

But we are induced to think that the imports of Silk from abroad have seen their maximum, or at all events, that should they go higher, they will soon begin to be paid for, to no inconsiderable extent, by the raw material exported from the United States. The experience of the last year or two has proved that the mulberry tree can be reared and multiplied with perfect success and but little trouble or expense and rapidly increased as the supply of trees has been, it has yet fallen far short of the demand for them. The lapse of a few years is alone required to make the United States a large producer of raw silk, and a few more superadded will enable the genius and enterprise of our people to compete with the silk manufacturers of France as successfully as they now do with the cotton factories of Great Britain.

Slave Trade.—The following motion was proposed by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, relative to the slave trade, August 6th, and agreed to, *nemine dissentiente*:—

'That a humble address be presented to her Majesty, dutifully to submit to her Majesty that the slave trade, which the Congress of Vienna most justly described as having degraded Europe, desolated Africa, and afflicted humanity, nevertheless still continues with great intensity; that, notwithstanding the various treaties and conventions which have been entered into by her Majesty and her royal predecessors with different powers for the suppression of this traffic, and notwithstanding all the endeavors of successive administrations at home, and her Majesty's ministers and agents in foreign countries, and of her Majesty's naval force employed in this service abroad, the trade has been aggravated in all its horrors;—and that it is the opinion of this house that a general concurrence of the great powers professing Christianity in a declaration that the slave trade, by whomsoever carried on, is piracy, and ought to be punished as such, is, under the blessing of God, one of the most probable means of effecting the abolition of that trade.

'That this house is further of opinion that, in all treaties to be contracted between her Majesty and her allies, the concession of a mutual right of search of their commercial vessels respectively, would be another of the means likely to attain this most important object; and that this house most respectfully implores her Majesty to represent these their opinions and wishes and hopes, in such manner as to her Majesty shall seem most likely to be effectual to her Majesty's several allies.

'That this house cannot refrain from expressing to her Majesty the deep concern with which they have observed, from the papers which her Majesty has caused to be laid before them, that Portugal has not yet fulfilled the engagements which she has taken towards this country, by concluding with Great Britain an adequate treaty for the suppression of the slade trade.'

LECTURES.

At a numerous meeting of gentlemen, held several weeks since, at the room of the American Institute of Instruction, the subject of early education was considered. The Hon. Horace Mann, by whom the meeting was called, presided. After an evening of earnest discussion and mature deliberation, it was voted, unanimously, 'that a series of lectures be procured on subjects connected with primary instruction. A Committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements, who have diligently attended to the duty, and beg leave to announce a series of twelve or more *free* lectures, to be delivered, one a week, on Wednesday afternoons. They have engaged for the purpose, a beautiful and commodious Hall in Tremont Row, nearly opposite the Savings Bank. The Introductory lecture will be given by Mr G. B. Emerson.

All persons interested in primary instruction, and especially those engaged in school teaching, are respectfully invited to attend. Of the subjects and names of lecturers due notice will be given hereafter.

G. F. THAYER,
S. G. HOWE,
H. W. CARTER, } *Committee.*

Sept. 15th, 1838.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The Depository of the Book and Pamphlet Society is at the Office of the Christian Register, in Water Street, No 19—up stairs.

It is open to all who may be in want of Unitarian Books and Tracts for distribution; and the Directors would inform such persons that they will be supplied gratis, on application as above. Besides the monthly tracts issued by the Unitarian Association, the Depository is supplied with various other treatises in defence of Liberal Christianity; and friends at a distance who write for them will be promptly supplied. Address David Reed, Publisher of the Christian Register.

☞ Applications by mail for tracts from the Book and Pamphlet Society will receive *no* attention unless post-paid. It is presumed that the single instance in which an application of this kind has been made, saddled with postage, was owing to inadvertence.

MARRIAGES.

In this city by Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. Oliver Welsh to Miss Ruth H. Grindall.

In Cambridgeport, on Monday morning, by Rev. Joseph W Parker, Rev William Howe to Miss Angelina, daughter of the late Philip Ammidon, Esq. of this city.

In Dorchester, Mr. Thomas W. Tuttle, of Boston, to Miss Beulah H. Sumner, of D.

In Milton, Mr. George W. French, of M. to Miss Sarah R. Lawrence, of Quincy.

In New Ipswich, N. H. Mr. Alfred C. Hersey, merchant of this city, to Mrs Mary Ann Bullard, daughter of the late Charles Barrett, Esq. of N. I.

In Stonington, Con. 12th inst. Mr. Joseph Burnet, Civil Engineer of this city, to Miss Harriet Maria, daughter of Hon. Samuel F. Dennison, of S.

In Nashua, N. H. Mr. John Ridgway, Jr. of Boston, to Miss Harriot A. daughter of James Ridgway, Esq. of N.

In Portsmouth, 2d inst. Capt Joseph Foster, of Gloucester, to Miss Adelaide Coues, daughter of the late Dr. Lyman Spaulding.

In North Yarmouth, Me. 9th inst. Joseph Tarbox, Esq. of Cambridge, to Miss Mary Lufkin.

In Portland, John Parker Boyd, Esq. to Miss Jerusha G. Head, daughter of the late James S. Dwight, Esq. of Springfield, Mass.

In New York, 13th inst. Mr. George W. Proctor, formerly of Boston, to Miss Caroline M. Burgess, of N. Y.; Dr. Robert L. Robbins, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth B. Falconer, daughter of the late Joshua Falconer.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday evening last, Mrs. Sarah Tuckerman, wife of Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, 54.

In this city, Mr. Samuel N. Cutter, 22, son of the late Edward Cutter.

In this city, on Saturday, Mr. Simeon Boyden, 68.

On Saturday, Mrs Martha L. C. wife of Wm. Paine, Esq. of Bangor, and daughter of Mr. Daniel Chamberlain, 23.

In South Boston, 9th inst, Mrs Keziah, wife of Mr. Adonijah White, 69.

In Cambridgeport, on Sunday, Mrs. Catharine Locke, 72.

In Roxbury, Monday, Caroline E. Whitney, daughter of Mr. John H. Whitney, in her 4th year.

In Barnstable, 9th inst. Rev. Martin Alden, 65.

In Leominster, 12th inst. Elizabeth Johnson, youngest child of Mr. Rufus Kendall, 2 years and 3 months.

In Springfield, 1 th inst. Dr. John Stone, 74.

In East Greenwich, R. I. Dr. Charles Eldridge, formerly President of the Rhode Island Medical Society, 56.

In Bangor, 5th inst. greatly lamented, Mrs. Julia Ann, wife of Prof. Enoch Pond, and sister of Rev. John Maltby.

MRS SIGOURNEY'S LETTERS TO MOTHERS—Just published.

CONTENTS:

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POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

The lines below will apply to the greater part of this country, as well as to the parent state.

THE ALE-HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

A PARODY.

The ale houses of England,
How wickedly they stand
Amid the tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The beggars o'er the threshhold bound
With wild, ferocious gleam;
And the toper comes to hear the sound
Of their infernal stream.

The ale-houses of England,
Around their hearths by night,
What hideous looks of fiendish crime
Meet in that hellish light.
The ruffian's voice profanes a song,
The drunkard's tale is told;
And lips move burningly along
Some ribald page of old.

The ale-houses of England,
How sadly, by their power,
Is broke the holy quietness
That marks the sabbath-hour!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through the woods at morn;
But hideous oaths in *this* sad clime
On every ear are borne.

The ale-houses of England,
By thousands on her plains,
They are frowning o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
In dirty alleys forth they press,
To lure the sinner there;
And thither do the wretched creep,
As birds haste to the snare.

The ale-houses of England,
Long, long, in hut, or hall,
Have hearts of native proof been reared,
To curse each ale-house wall,
And cursed forever be the grove,
And cursed the sinful hour,
Which taught the sinless child to love
The ale-house and its power.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

BY MRS ABDY.

My sister, I sit in the Chesnut-trees' shade,
Where often in childhood we frolicked and played,
But my spirit is heavy, and burdened with gloom.
I look through my tears at thy close-curtained room,
The sounds of dark meaning yet ring in my ear;
'Thy sister is drooping, her summons is near,'
Yes, Death, who the strong and the mighty o'erpowers,
Can even dissever a union like ours.

Our lot was not common, our ties were above
The usual connexion of sisterly love;
Together we entered this region of care,
Together we lisped our first infantine prayer,
As childhood advanced, in each study and aim,
Our hopes, our pursuits, our delights were the same,
And the thoughts of the one, although yet unexpressed,
Oft found a reply in the other's fond breast.

No absence was suffered a chillness to bring
O'er the radiance and joy of our girlhood's fresh spring;
No rival emotions, no jealousies vain,
Our fervent affection e'er came to profane;
In person, the stranger scarce knew us apart,
But the stranger could trace not our likeness of heart;
None, none but ourselves the sweet fulness divined
Of our perfect communion of temper and mind.

Oh! how when my sister is summoned away,
Shall I pass the slow hours of the long dreaded day?
The songs we have sung will seem tuneless to me,
My walks will be sad, unpartaken by thee;
I shall miss thy kind smile when my pillow I leave,
I shall miss thy soft voice in the silence of eve,
Our parents their child may in patience resign,
Their trial is surely less bitter than mine.

Yet let me not thus the Almighty arraign,
Who graciously gives me a balm for my pain.
I feel, when our many dear ties I recall,
That the service of God was the dearest of all,
Our way to his house on the Sabbath we took,
Together we studied the truth of his book,
And we owned, when the paths of proud science we trod,
That all knowledge was poor to the knowledge of God.

Thy faith in thy last waning moments is shown,
Nor dost thou, my sister, enjoy it alone:
Thy tender compassion from life's early breath
May be not, alas! thy companion in death,
But her spirit with thine shall still fondly unite,
And the glories of heaven shall oft break on her sight,
When her thoughts from earth's perils and sorrows arise
To her dear twin-born sister who lives in the skies.

STANZAS.

'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.'

Oh watch and pray—thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou cast not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's thousand snares beset thy way,
Frail child of dust—O watch and pray!

Fond YOUTH—as yet untouched by care,
Does thy young pulse beat high?
Do hope's gay visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Know these must change, must pass away,
Fond trusting youth—O watch and pray!

Thou AGED MAN—life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom,
With trembling step and bending form
Thou art tottering to the tomb—
And can vain hopes lead thee astray?
Watch, weary pilgrim—watch and pray!

Ambition—stop thy panting breath;
Pride—sink thy lifted eye;
Behold the yawning gates of death
Before thee open lie.
Oh hear the counsel and obey—
Pride and Ambition—watch and pray!

Oh watch and pray—the paths we tread
Lead onward to the grave;
Go to the tombs, and ask the dead,
Ye on life's stormy wave—
And they shall tell you—even they,
From their dark chambers—watch and pray!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Western Messenger.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. NO. III.

BY S. G. BULFINCH.

ARIUS.

Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, lay beautiful in the stillness of a summer evening. Its inhabitants, old and young, thronged to the gardens of Cleopatra, which extended their long avenues of ancient trees by the waters of the Nile. Here, after the hot sun of Africa had set, they enjoyed the refreshing breeze that was wafted from the Mediterranean. The moon was out in all her brightness, and the stars, exhibiting many a constellation unseen by the tenants of colder climes. The beacon of the Pharos, the most ancient of light houses, shone from its lofty tower; the vast fields of the Delta, the granary of Rome, lay around, far as the eye could reach. Many a structure might be discerned rising amidst that green expanse, while the variety of style they exhibited marked the political changes which the country had experienced. Here massive pyramids, or long avenues of sphynxes, called to mind the days of ancient Egyptian greatness; there the symmetrical form of some Grecian temple, indicated the age of the Ptolemies, while elsewhere the florid style of more recent structures, exhibited the degeneracy in arts of those who now ruled the world.

Among the groups whom the coolness of the hour had tempted from their homes, was one, consisting of three men and a young female. One of the former was a man of military bearing, somewhat advanced in life, and apparently hardened by much service. The respect with which he was saluted by those whom he condescended to recognise, betokened the possession of some high station, which was indicated also by the attendance of a lictor, at some distance in the rear of the party. This dignitary conversed with a person of grave aspect, and age similar to his own. A youth and a maiden accompanied them, engaged in such earnest conversation as implied the existence of some subject of deep interest between them.

'Is it true, as I have heard, venerable Arius' said the official personage, 'that you declined the election to this office of Bishop, and procured it to be conferred on Alexander?'

'I cannot say that it was ever in my power to decline that station, but it is certainly true that when some of my friends offered me their assistance, I thought it best not to create dissension in the church by the appearance of another candidate, and advised them to adhere to the worthy Alexander.'

'Your modesty influenced you too far, my friend. If you thought not of your own interests, you should have regarded those of your niece. When I permitted Perdiccas to engage himself to the fair Theodora, I considered it no unequal match between the son of the Governor of Alexandria, and the niece of her future Bishop.'

'The office is not one to which I could aspire from such views. I trust that I should not have shrunk from it were the times such as I remember in my youth.'

'Indeed there was nothing tempting in such a dignity then. I was stationed at Rome, in the days of the divine Galerius, and we that were Christians in the army found it difficult to save our lives. Two centurions, the same rank I then held, were put to death for the Gospel. Poor Cassius! had he followed my advice, he might have been living now, and high in favor with the Emperor.'

'May I enquire what your advice was?'

'It needs not speaking of it; it is long since. Cassius was a very conscientious man; but there was no necessity for placing himself in the very way of destruction, by opposing openly the religion of the Emperor. But now happily, times have changed, and I hope the august Constantine will go on as he has begun. I should take great pleasure in receiving an order to put down these idol temples, that are such a scandal to the Christian empire.'

'It is even so,' thought Arius, 'this man who betrayed his religion while it was persecuted, is now the first to disgrace it by the persecution of others.'

'You are silent, good Arius; would you not wish the divine Constantine to be active in the good cause?'

'I am grateful to Augustus, and as one humble member of the church, I am more than satisfied with what he has done for it. I fear indeed that there is now too much prosperity for us to bear. Before the persecution under Diocletian'—

The *divine* Diocletian, my friend. Remember that I am an officer in the Imperial service.'

'I am not fond of giving to any one, much less to a persecutor of the church, a title which savors of idolatry. But before that persecution, the church had enjoyed so long a period of rest, that corruption of manners had been introduced. There was much wealth expended on buildings indeed, and much external show was made of interest in the worship of God; but all was not sound within. How many fell away from the faith when that persecution commenced.'

'Yes,' said the Governor, somewhat disconcerted. 'It was undoubtedly wrong for those who had professed themselves Christians, to offer incense afterwards. For myself, I had made no profession, and was in fact not fully decided as to the truth of the Gospel, till I heard of the blessed miracle at the Milvian bridge.'

'And of the blessed victory that followed it,' thought Arius.

'But let us return,' continued his companion, 'I would that you had chosen with more wisdom, worthy Arius, and taken the station which every one was willing to confer on you; but be that as it may, my son thinks he cannot live without Theodora; and I am not disposed to break off a treaty long since formed, on one disappointment.'

'Especially as Theodora's own fortune'—

'True, true,' said the Governor, 'her father indeed left her well provided for, and in no respect better than in committing her to be brought up by yourself, the light of the Alexandrian church.'

'I have endeavored to do my duty to my brother's child,' said the presbyter; and at the gate of the proconsular palace, they parted from the official dignitary; while his son, the young Perdiccas, accompanied Arius and his niece to their more humble abode.

Months had passed since the conversation of Arius with the prefect Zonaras, in the gardens of Cleopatra; but there was now no longer that cordiality which once subsisted between them. Consistently with the mercenary ambition which governed him, Zonaras had sought the friendship of Arius, the most distinguished among the presbyters of Alexandria, and whom he had fully expected to see elevated to the Episcopal throne of that city. Disappointed in this, he yet had such confidence that Arius would share largely in that favor with which Constantine was now bestowing wealth and honor on the Christian leaders, that he saw with satisfaction the strengthening affection between their young relatives. But an event soon occurred which entirely changed the views of the worldly-minded magistrate.

Alexander who had succeeded to that station for which Arius had declined to become a candidate, expressed in an open council of his clergy, some views respecting the union between our Savior and the Supreme Being, from which Arius felt himself compelled to dissent. The bishop represented the Son of God as *consubstantial* or *of the same substance* with the Father. The presbyter would not admit that so entire an equality subsisted between them, but considered the Father as alone supreme, and Christ as the first of beings, dependent upon him. The difference led to a bitter controversy, in which many other persons of all classes took part; and at length Alexander, exercising the temporal power with which Constantine had in an evil hour entrusted the rulers of the church, not only excommunicated Arius, but banished him from the city.

On the evening of the day when this sentence had been pronounced, the young Perdiccas approached the dwelling of the deposed Elder. He entered, and was greeted kindly but with sadness.

'You at least are still our friend, Perdiccas,' said Arius. 'You at least do not shrink from those in adversity whom you have caressed in prosperity.'

'Think not too harshly of my Father,' said the young man. 'He has not power to reverse the decision of the Bishop; and from the office he holds, it is requisite that he should reverence that authority which is delegated by the Emperor, though it may not be exercised in a manner he approve.'

'He is your Father, Perdiccas, and I would not say one word to diminish your regard for him as such, or to wound your feelings as a son. I leave you for a time with Theodora, for I have much to arrange. From her you will learn our views for the future; and if there be any thing in them that causes distress to you, believe me I feel your suffering even more than my own.'

'I am come, Theodora,' said Perdiccas, after the first expressions of affection and regret were over, 'to be the companion of your departure. You never would desert the venerable Arius in his affliction. I would not ask it of you. No. Let me be the companion of your journey, let me defend you and your reverend relative, if exposed to danger by the way. Give me the privileges of a son and a husband.'

'And your father.'

'My father has long since given his consent. Arius is not less virtuous, you are not less worthy now than then Why should that consent be withdrawn? How can it be withdrawn with any show of reason?'

'But it *is* withdrawn, Perdiccas. You need not explain or qualify it. I know it, I know it too well.'

'Kind friend,' she resumed, after a pause, 'you have the same noble heart as ever. My uncle's disgrace is nothing in your eyes, for you know it is undeserved; but it is much to your father, and it must be to me. No, Perdiccas, I will not be the cause of your deserting your filial duties. Now, all they can charge against Arius is, that he holds certain views which are not agreeable to this imperious bishop, though they may accord with scripture and reason. They shall not have it to urge against him or his family, that this supposed heresy has led to dishonorable conduct. No, Perdiccas, live respected and happy; let not your bright days be overclouded by association with the outcasts.'

'But I am with you, I must be with you,' said the young man, 'in my belief. I am from conviction an *Arian*, as they have begun to call those who agree with your venerable relative. You, you my Theodora, would not have me deny my faith?'

Far from it, my Perdiccas. The example of the blessed martyrs, who suffered within my father's recollection, and almost within yours, is not lost, I hope, on either of us.'

'No,' said the youth, springing up, 'I was but a child indeed, but well do I remember seeing the holy Charilaus and his brethren glorify God in the Amphitheatre. My father took me there to give me a warning against the danger of avowing Christian principles. His love for me overbalanced his devotion to the truth. But the sight had precisely the opposite effect on me to that which my father intended. I admired the courage of the holy martyrs, and felt that I would joyfully die with them for the cause of truth.'

'So have I felt in reading of the sufferings of Perpetua and Felicitas, at Carthage, more than a hundred years since. Lo you remember, my Perdiccas, the noble answer of Perpetua when she was entreated to renounce her religion?'

'Her father threw himself at her feet, and kissed her hands, entreating her to have compassion on his grey hairs, and on her mother brothers, and child. Though deeply affected, she only returned the answer, 'I am at God's disposal, not at my own.'

'Dear Perdiccas, let us think of such examples. Can we not sacrifice our own wishes at the calls of duty, when others, no stronger than ourselves, have laid down their lives?'

'Ah! Theodora, the task is scarce less difficult. I think I could die bravely like Charilaus, if the eyes of a whole Amphitheatre were turned on me; but to tear my dearest hopes from my heart, and still live on unrepining in commonplace duties, is a worse martyrdom than that; yet no one knows or praises the sufferer.'

'But he has his reward on high. Do not think, my Perdiccas, that you suffer alone. With the feelings I have had of late, I could almost envy Perpetua the short agony of her death. But it is our duty and it must be borne. For your father's sake, for your own, for the sake of Arius, for mine—the reputation of all may be implicated in your conduct—think no more of accompanying our journey. Remain in the regular discharge of your duty as a son. Your participation in my father's sentiments need not be concealed; half the Christian world shares them also: but if persecution arises'—

'Then,' said the youth, 'I will meet it, and it shall be seen whether truth cannot strengthen her votaries now, as against the persecutions of former days.'

'If it must be, Perdiccas, I doubt not your constancy. But if you can then, without a desertion of duty, leave this dangerous city, do so for the sake of us all. Then join us in Palestine, whither we now go. Arius will welcome you as a son, and Theodora as a friend and brother. But while your father refuses his consent, tempt me not, my Perdiccas, to call you more than those names express.'

It was late when the young lovers departed; and at early dawn, Arius and Theodora, escorted by Perdiccas and a few intimate friends, ascended the ship which was to bear the banished elder and his niece to Cæsarea. In that retreat they were received with honor. The bishops and presbyters of Palestine, in assembled council, opposed their authority to that of the Alexandrian Patriarch, and the church became divided into two great parties, whose mutual opposition was to endure for ages.

The expulsion of Arius from the church and city of Alexandria had, like most instances of persecution, contributed rather to strengthen the influence of the sentiments it was intended to suppress. The Emperor Constantine saw with pain the church of Christ, of which he had assumed the supreme control on earth, divided by the opinions which had thus been placed in opposition to each other. Nor was this the only instance in which his imperial protection and counsels had proved ineffectual for continuing to the church the blessings of peace. A violent controversy had arisen with respect to the rival claims of Cœcilianus and Majorinus to the bishopric of Carthage; and the repeated interference of the Emperor had only increased the dissention which he sought to heal. But undeterred by his ill success in this instance, Constantine endeavored, at first by a conciliatory letter to both parties, and afterwards by convoking a general council of the church, to terminate the schism which had arisen respecting the sentiments of Alexander and Arius.

At this, the famous Council of Nice, held at the city of that name in Bithynia, in the year 325, a creed was adopted, declaring that the Son of God is consubstantial, or of the same substance with the Father. The opinions of Arius were denounced as heretical, and that religious leader, with several of his adherents, was sent into banishment into Illyricum, on the distant confines of the empire.

Into that banishment the faithful Theodora accompanied her uncle. Her lover, meantime, strengthened by a sense of duty, had continued to discharge, though with an aching heart, the obligations of a son towards a parent whom he could not respect. The mercenary Zonaras, who perceived the vast influence which the Christian clergy were then exerting, selected that occupation for his son, as one which might lead him, especially if aided by powerful friends, to the high places of wealth and station, the control of the people, and the confidence of his sovereign. With far different views did Perdiccas willingly acquiesce in his father's choice. He regarded the ministry of the Gospel as the noblest of callings, not for the distinction it might aid him in attaining, but for the good it might furnish him with means of effecting. The path too was not less inviting because beset with dangers. He was decidedly of Arian sentiments, and these sentiments he was determined never to conceal. He expected persecution, and had he remained in Alexandria, he would have shared it, for the zeal of the bishop was now aided by the still greater warmth of the young and ardent Athanasius, by whom he was afterwards succeeded. This remarkable man, known in later times by the title of Saint, combined in his character many great and good qualities. He was a fearless champion of what he believed to be the truth, and when the occasion demanded, an unshrinking sufferer in its cause. It is however, generally acknowledged, that he united not a little arrogance with his heroic resolution. But any difficulty to which Perdiccas might have been exposed through a collision with the ecclesiastical powers of Alexandria, was prevented by the course which the ambition of his father marked out for him. Through his influence, the young ecclesiastic was received into the retinue of Princess Eudosia, the sister of Constantine, and thus withdrawn from his native city to the more tolerant air of the imperial residence.

We pass an interval of some years, and transport ourselves in imagination to Constantinople, the new capital of the Roman world, and to the palace of its imperial founder. Constantine was seated in an apartment whose excess of magnificence exhibited some indications of declining taste on the part of the artists of that day. That remarkable man was now beyond the middle period of life. There were traces of care on his brow, and the lines of his countenance indicated one accustomed to exercise command over himself, not less than over others. Though eminent and always successful as a soldier, it was rather for the toils of the statesman that he seemed to be formed. The Emperor was not alone. A young man stood before him, whose demeanor united the respect due to his sovereign, with the self possession imparted by conscious worth, and a belief in higher realities than those of earthly state. Constantine spoke, and there was sadness in his tone.

'I have sent for you, young man, at the request of my late sister. The princess commended you to me with such earnestness, as renders me desirous of advancing you. But I must consider not my own wishes alone, but the interests of the empire, and the consistent observance of my own laws. You are, I have heard, imbued with the sentiments of the Porphyrians? Speak freely. I seek candor from you, and desire your advancement.'

'Augustus,' answered the youth, 'I am deeply grateful for your kind notice, and feel still more deeply towards my late noble mistress. But the objection which you have urged, I have felt and anticipated. I am one of those to whom your imperial edict has given the name you mention. I hold the sentiments of Arius, and I am aware that those sentiments must exclude me from your patronage. I am not the less grateful for your wish to bestow it.'

'You are but little used to the ways of courts, young man, to reject good fortune by so blunt an avowal. But it is the candor that I wanted, though more than I expected. We will let that subject pass. If you will sacrifice your prosperity to your opinions, I cannot help it. But tell me, young priest,—you were Eudosia's favorite religious counsellor,—have you reason to believe that the Augusta held the same views with yourself?'

'My sovereign, the opinions of the Augusta were not fully decided. Her own judgment was strongly inclined to the views you disapprove, but with deep humility she shrunk from opposing her opinion to the sentence of the General Council, and of her brother and king.'

'The decision of the Sacred Council must indeed be binding. It is the declared sentence of the Christian church; and when I require the submission of others to it, I demand no more from them than what I render myself.'

The youth held his peace, as he could not assent to the opinion, which yet it did not beseem him to contradict. But the Emperor was desirous to try him further.

'How can your Porphyrians oppose their private judgments to the decision of the Christian world?'

'Augustus, there is a voice within us, which we must obey. It is vain that we try to believe what reason and scripture seem to us to contradict. We may be silenced, but not convinced. Our bodies may be banished by the authority of an Emperor, but the mind cannot be thus subdued.'

'Pride, mere pride. I who exercise unbounded power, have more humility than you. I thought this whole dispute exceedingly trifling, and should have rejoiced if both parties continued to profess their sentiments together in peace. But the Council ordained otherwise. I submit, and enforce but the same submission upon others. Those who yield the respect that is due to the united Christian community, I receive to my favor; and I again offer you that favor, young priest, if you can bring your pride down to this condition.'

'My sovereign, at the risk of your displeasure, I must decline the distinguished honor you do me. It would ill become me to purchase advancement by the sacrifice of those principles, for maintaining which, my friend and father, the venerable Arius, is yet in banishment.'

'You know the heresiarch then,' said Constantine. 'Tell me of his manner of life. I have heard that before his unhappy fall into these errors, he was regarded as a virtuous man by his brethren and by those of the old religion.'

'As a virtuous man Arius must ever be regarded by all who know him. Oh, my Emperor, if you could but hear the lessons of wisdom and piety that flowed from his lips, if you could have seen his submission under the trials to which he has been exposed, the uncomplaining meekness of his resignation, bending before the will of Providence, which he recognised in all things, and never returning any reproaches for the railings with which he was assailed; if you could have known him, personally, you would never have banished such a man because he had believed and professed as his own judgment and conscience obliged him to do.'

'When were you last in his company?'

'I was of those who accompanied him farthest on his way from Nice to his place of banishment.'

'And how did he bear his adversity? Proudly enough, no doubt, for pride was the occasion of his fall.'

'Augustus, if I could judge, if my veneration for him does not blind me, pride was, of all emotions, furthest from his heart. He said but little respecting his calamity, except in reply to the remarks of others, who endeavored to console him. He appeared grave indeed, but scarcely more so than his usual venerable deportment. If others spoke of his sufferings and seemed to exaggerate them, he would himself suggest circumstances which diminished their severity. He did not refuse the sympathy of his friends, yet reminded them that the same Providence reigned in barbarous Illyricum as in civilized Egypt. 'And here,' said he, 'how much more happy are we than our ancestors. If they were banished to a foreign land, they left their religion behind them; for the gods of Greece were unknown beyond the Adriatic. They went to a land to whose deities they were strangers; but *our* God is everywhere, and if I feel that he approves my course, my friends, I shall not be desolate.' Some spoke with indignation of those whom they called his enemies—of the Bishop Alexander, Athanasius, and others; but he always mildly yet firmly checked them. 'Let it be ours, my friends, to bear these evils, not as injuries from the hands of men, but as trials from the hands of God. It may be that they who have condemned and pursued me, are approved by their own consciences. Whether it be so or not, it is not ours to judge them, for to their own master they stand or fall.'

'My name was mentioned doubtless, by these indignant friends, and perhaps in no gentle terms.'

'One indeed spoke of you, as he has since repented; for that one was—I am not afraid to say it, noble Cæsar—myself. But Arius checked me, instantly, and with some sternness. 'What, my son,' he exclaimed, 'but recently we have had the blessing of a Christian Emperor, and already shall we complain ungratefully of his sway? If like me, you had known the time when the life of a disciple was constantly in danger from heathen persecution, you would bless with me the illustrious Constantine, who has given peace and safety to the church, though he has seen fit to subject one humble Presbyter to this disgrace.'

'This is well; but Arius knew, that at such a time every word he uttered would be observed. Do you know any thing of his life in private? It is there that the character of the man is seen without disguise.'

'Yes, gracious Emperor. I have known the Presbyter since my childhood; and at home or abroad, in public or in private, his character is always consistent with itself.'

The Emperor leaned his brow upon his hands, for a few moments, in thoughtful silence. 'Go youth,' he said at length, 'your candor has not injured you in my esteem, and may perchance benefit your friend. Remain attached to my service, as you were to that of my sister.' The young ecclesiastic bowed and withdrew.

The words he had spoken made a deep impression on the mind of Constantine. He sought from the governor of the province to which Arius had been banished, accounts of that leader's mode of life, and the spirit in which he bore his misfortunes. A few months passed, and then on a cloudless and starry night, such a night as seems made for love and piety, a noble Trireme made her way through the magnificent pass of the Bosphorus; and on her deck, amid the officers of the Emperor, who had been sent to conduct him with honor to the Capitol, sat the venerable form of Arius, watching, while a benignant smile beamed through the gravity of his features, the converse which his lovely niece held in low tones, with Perdiccas, the young presbyter, who, now that the consent of his mercenary father could not be doubted, was again her approved and betrothed lover.

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